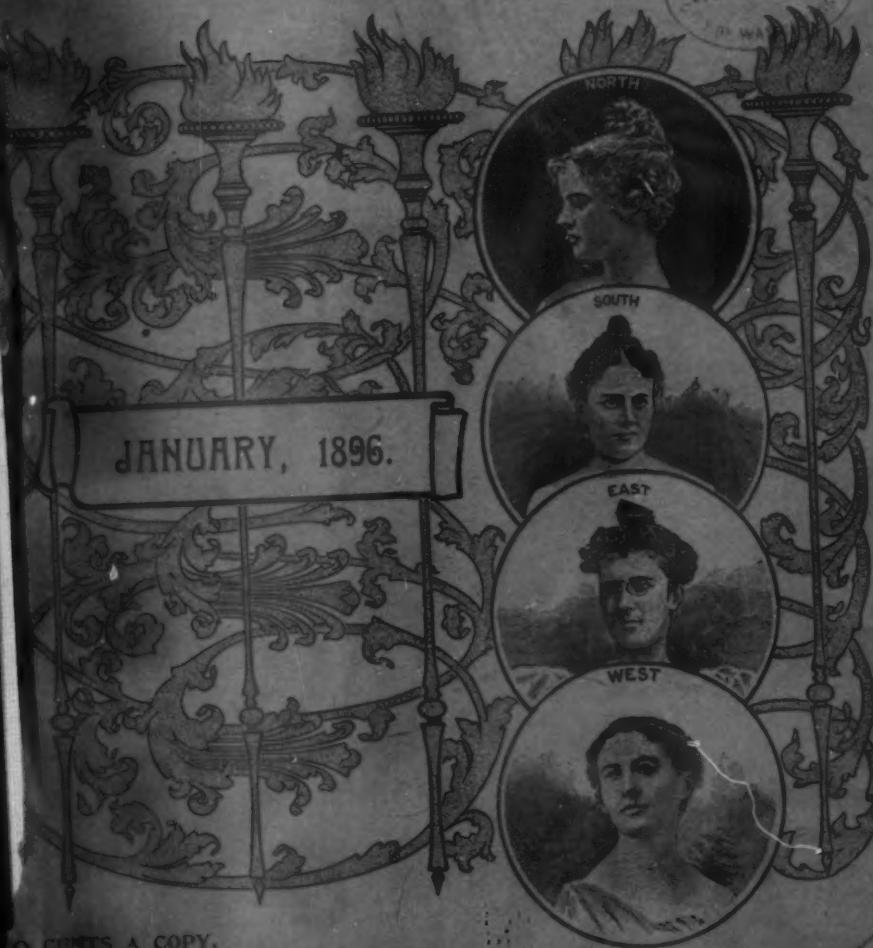


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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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A royal prince landed on our shores a month ago. It was an important event, but he wasn't an American. He could never become president. That is why the coming of the stranger to-day means so much. Dearer blood courses in his veins. He is one of us. He is already enrolled upon the family register. He may become the ruler of the most powerful nation on the globe. He should be hailed with joy. How will he be welcomed? What preparations have been made

menace to progress and civilization. To fear or shrink from it is a crime, not by the laws of society but by the laws of heredity, for the mother's condition reacts upon the offspring.

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mail to him, or to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is President, this little COUPON NUMBER (21) one-cent stamps to cover the cost of mailing only, and the book will be sent postpaid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. Several finely illustrated chapters are devoted to the careful consideration in plain language, of diseases peculiar to women and their successful home-treatment without the aid of a physician. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as that sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth.

HIS COMING

for his comfort and welfare? And what, by the way, is his inheritance? To every woman his coming means a quicker heartbeat. It has cost something to have him come. Every mother knows that. Yet how much he may bring! What do we owe to him and what does he owe to us? Every mother knows what she owes to the latest arrival. She owes him first of all, life—robust, natural, joyous life—the only kind of life worth living. But she also knows that she must have that sort of life herself, that she can't give it unless she has it. She owes him a fair chance, a grip on happiness which will give him a grip on fortune. This is a rich inheritance, but it is every mother's duty to give him all these. How? By getting them herself before he comes. If she is sick, nervous, miserable and despondent, she is making a heavy cross for his young shoulders. She owes him a sound mind, a strong constitution and a cheerful disposition. And these she cannot give unless

is hailed with joy instead of feared with sorrow. Every woman should know that science has furnished many improved means of safely rearing children. And that it has made it easy for their mothers when they come. If the new arrival is awaited with sorrow, misgivings and fear, there is something wrong. He will have as an inheritance the wrong sort of a start in life. To make light of the event is inhuman and unnatural. The society woman who regards babies as "unfashionable" is past reform. She is a



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(I wish mine had)

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1896.

VOL. XLVI.

NO. 1.

AN EXCURSION TO MONTE CARLO.

IT is close upon 2 o'clock. We have just finished our luncheon. A line of carriages passes along the Avenue de la Gare and the railway station is filling rapidly. One vehicle draws up after another to deposit its occupants; the *fachinos* bustle about, but find nothing to do, for no one is carrying any luggage. The booking clerk does his business like a machine. "Monte Carlo, retour" is heard continually and tickets are being issued, as it were, blindly. The passengers are quite exempt from the so-called travelling fever. There is no fear of arriving late or of not being ready in time. As soon as one train leaves, another comes

forward. Stately composure is seated on the brow of everyone of these unimpassioned faces, which for the most part bear the stamp of mature fitness for Nice life. The porter does not call out the time of starting, and the door leading to the platform is always open. No control is exercised over the passers out. Who would dream of it with so elegant an assemblage! The carriages are nearly all first class, here and there only a second class. Their doors stand wide open. You can sit where you please, and when the guard calls out his familiar "En voiture" the train starts without a recoil and glides along noiselessly, as if conscious of the slight



CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.

load it has to carry. The belles and dandies of Nice are indeed light as butterflies.

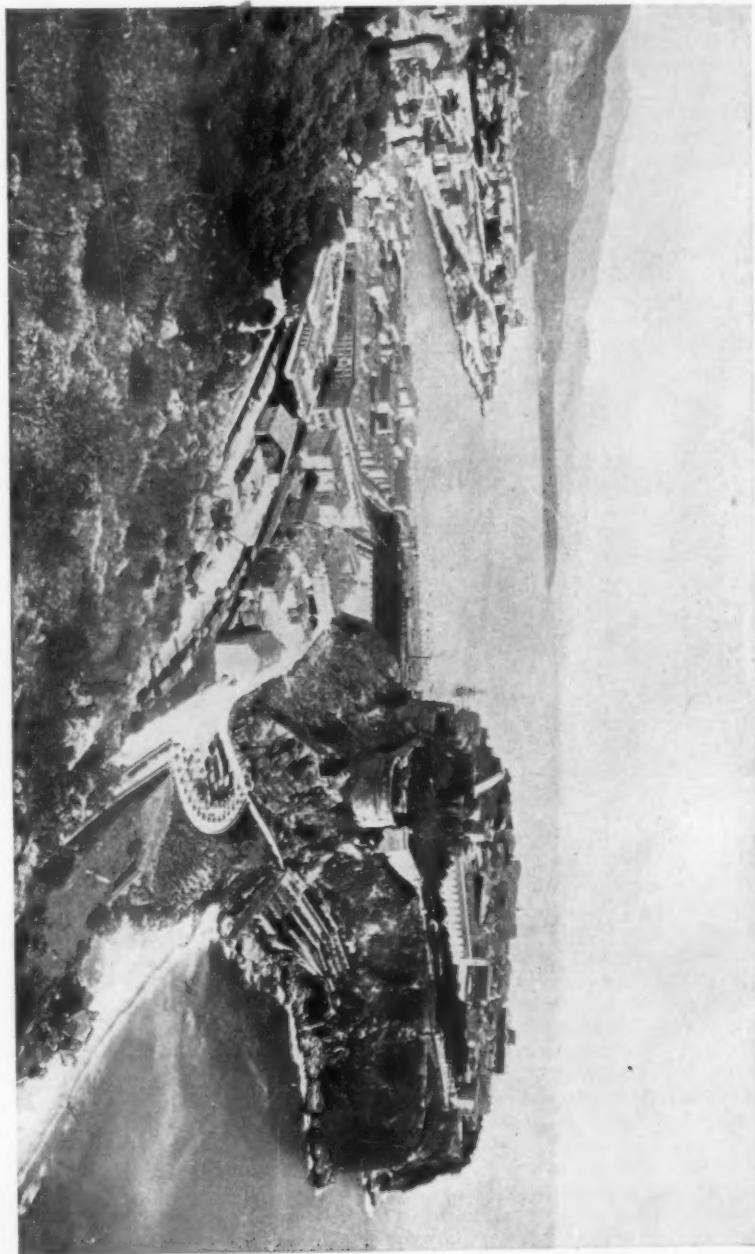
In our carriage we are six, three ladies and three gentlemen. My neighbor enters into conversation with me. We speak of the weather, the sea, and similar trifling matters, until the tiresome question is asked, "Where are you going, sir?"

"To the gambling house," is my reply. My neighbor grows silent and draws back, everyone turns and looks at me. I am conscious of having said a foolish thing, so I withdraw into a corner. I gaze out, on my right, upon the glittering bay of Villafranca, whose waters are darkened by a forest of brown masts of slender warships, and I hold my peace. The conversation is not animated, and if anyone speaks it is in an undertone. The names of Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Verdi strike my ear. Very likely I am in the wrong train. These are dreamers and I am a gambler. The train glides on. There is no jolting. A rocking chair would not sway you more gently. Outside, again a forest, but this time on land, not on water. Instead of being brown, it is clothed in whitish gray, and instead of war it denotes peace. "Beaulieu" calls the guard, but in spite of its tempting Mount of Olives no one stirs. Opposite me sits a lean figure. Beethoven does not seem to make much impression on him. He jots down numbers in his pocketbook. He is most probably a careful man who keeps an account of his expenses. The train winds round from rock to rock along the seashore. On the left lies a chain of mountains, with some remains of ruins dating from the Romans. The sight of ruins usually creates a feeling of sadness, but Turbia has not this effect. Its very gloom seems to give a cheerful impression as it lies bathed in the genial sunshine of the Riviera. The musical question is still to the fore, and the exchange of ideas is becoming more general. At last I grasp the situation. There are 3 o'clock concerts in Monte Carlo and no one of good taste proceeding by this train could possibly have any other intention

than that of listening to the music. Who does not love music? Who does not feel the electrifying influence of sweet sounds? Where is the lethargic soul that is not roused by the artistic harmony of a band of eighty performers, and where a being so blasé to whose weary lips song will not draw a smile of pleasure? Oh, those 3 o'clock concerts! How the whole Riviera makes a rush at them! Love of music is nowhere so all-pervading. We are, everyone of us, music mad, and what induces us to make the excursion, so to speak, every day are principally the eighty artists and the overwhelming hospitality with which we are honored.

Since I have known Monte Carlo Hungarian hospitality is a myth. Here they throw open a palace built in a magic garden. "S'il vous plait, messieurs, please to enjoy palace and gardens undisturbed." Naturally so much liberality could not fail to impress the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée Compagnie, to which we are indebted for the convenience of being set down on the very threshold of this paradise by the concert train, which, impelled by the feeling of its near destination, flies with such rapidity that we can hardly take a look at the realm of rocks rising from out the sea immediately before us. Baedeker calls it a country. It boasts of a prince, who is liege lord of some 1,200 people and commander of seventy soldiers. Three adjutants, one orderly officer, three chamberlains, one privy councillor, three secretaries, two doctors, and a great many first-class cooks, comprise the household, and for every fifty residents there is one consul.

This country juts 800 metres into the sea, and is 300 metres wide. These numbers are data from official sources, which I am unable to verify from personal experience, as our concert train takes only one minute to pass through the principality of Monaco. A tunnel swallows it and in another two seconds it has reached its destination. We stop close to a steep rock, separated from the sea only by as much space as is required for the railway. In one moment



GENERAL VIEW OF MONTE CARLO, WITH MONACO.

the carriages are empty. The guard has called out "Monte Carlo."

How many beauties might not one's eyes delight in before entering that building which here throws sunshine, sky, forest, mountain, flowers, park and perfume into the shade it would be difficult to say, for none heed them. There is no time. In less than five minutes a flight of steps leads you to a wide terrace exactly in front of the Cercle des Etrangers. A cicerone is superfluous. It is impossible to lose one's way, since each and all have the same object in view. You have only to follow the people moving onward with not the slightest hesitation toward the threshold, and that once passed, who requires guidance? Who is so inexperienced as not to know his way about in a casino? At home we are all members of some club. Every casino has its reading, smoking, and card rooms and saloon. It is precisely the same here; only with this difference, that whereas at home we have to pay for these conveniences, here a lavish hospitality provides them gratis. We are addressed in the politest of all languages, the charming warmth of which is irresistible. Some little formalities have to be gone through, however; these are easily managed. To obtain admittance into good society an introduction is necessary, here as elsewhere, but the ceremony is not irksome. A common purpose soon makes the guests acquainted, the proprietor alone asks the names of those who honor him with their visits. "Your name, position, where from, your hotel?" is heard continually at the bureau to the left of the entrance hall. Within the barrier sit three grave-looking personages, each with an open book before him with columns corresponding to the questions given above, and each has an assistant by his side. The particulars are entered, and the assistant writes a "permit" and hands it to you. "The successors of M. Blanc place their saloons at the disposal of X. Y. for to-day." These liberal successors keep open house for all except minors and the subjects of the Rocky Realm, although as far as regards the former they are

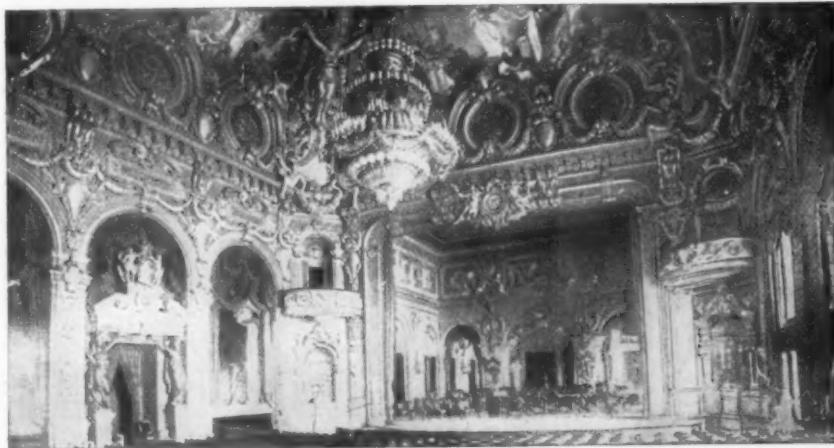
not over-scrupulous when these are accompanied by their guardians. This bureau of information has been established for what might seem a very trivial reason. The saloon floors being brilliantly polished, many, unaccustomed to them, are apt to slip upon their treacherous surface. The keeping of the said books is especially designed for the benefit of this kind of awkward individual. In a crowd of a thousand how is it possible to tell who's who? The permit in our pocket gives an unmistakable answer. Our hosts provide obligingly for every contingency, and are gentlemen every inch. Should anyone grow faint in the oppressive atmosphere, overpowered by all the dazzle and splendor, the rustle of silks or the clink of coin, they take instant care that he is put aside in an unnoticeable manner, sometimes even going so far as to furnish him with traveling expenses.

Armed with your permit you enter a spacious hall supported by slender columns and skirted by luxurious divans. This hall is the Atrium. Here begins the unrivalled hospitality of your invisible hosts. You are relieved of your overcoat, hat and stick, and then left to your own devices. The moment you enter you perceive three doors, one facing you and one on either side. From two of these sounds are heard—in the third all is silence. From one proceed strains of music, in the other you can detect the clinking of coin. The door facing you leads to the concert room, that on the left to the roulette, that on the right to the reading room. I never noticed anyone hesitate in this hall. Ladies and gentlemen deliberately took one direction or the other. As a rule, no objection can be made to the prevailing tone. The rich dresses of the fair sex float gracefully, the gentlemen move with ease. Everywhere the latest fashions, polished manners, and the sort of movement you remark in a ballroom corridor when people make their escape for the purpose of breathing the air. The Atrium is the "salle de conversation" of the Casino. It is the only place where you are permitted to speak aloud.

In the others, you may only whisper and there is one spot where even this is prohibited. In the concert room the performers alone have the right to be heard, in the reading room it is not considered proper to converse, and in the gambling saloon it is not allowed.

This hall is a scene of constant movement and change. The public is continually passing in and out and the divans remain unoccupied. No one thinks of resting. Whoever takes a seat is suspected. Those who sit down meditate, and everyone here knows that only people whose pockets are empty

cream in the Café de Paris adjoining the Casino, looks at his watch and wears his coat open. A gold chain glitters on his waistcoat, and glittering valuables soon attract the crowds of Monte Carlo. He of the third degree takes a walk and inhales the balmy air. He paces to and fro among the roses in the park, and now and then strays along the beach, sometimes scanning the dizzy height of the rocky shore upon which he stands and sometimes amusing himself with his own image reflected in the clear, crystal waters, enticing him to closer contact.



THE CONCERT HALL.

need do this. The individuals on the divan are what I may designate as "cleared-out" gamblers of the first degree. Over their faces flits a momentary embarrassment; instantly, however, they find an obliging gentleman by their side, who offers his services. The Casino swarms with such ferrets, who turn up in a moment of need like the members of the life-saving society in our country. Those reposing in the Atrium are trustworthy gentlemen whose word or signature is sufficient to relieve them of their temporary embarrassment at once. The "cleared-out" gambler of the second degree eats ice-

But this giddy world carries us away with it too rapidly. We have arrived at the finish before we have even stepped over the threshold. There is not one door of the Atrium that we have yet opened. Let us not be in too great a hurry, for within a little while is a long while. Besides, this hall is such an interesting portion of Monte Carlo that it will amuse us to lean against a pillar and review the people passing in.

See yon slightly bent figure with quiet and somewhat thoughtful expression. His step is free, his movements are graceful. He takes a hasty glance

at himself in the mighty mirrors, passes his hand lightly over his rather bald head, and then, after casting an uninterested look over the general public, he proceeds direct to the concert room. This is the type of the distinguished habitué of the roulette table. He is the regular casino haunter of great cities, to whom card playing affords no excitement. Loss or gain leaves him unmoved. He is both cool and clear-headed. He owes his self-command and presence of mind to the card table, with the takings of which he will now try his luck upon Fortune's revolving wheel. But not immediately. He is in no hurry. His every motion betokens this. He does not rush into the gambling saloon, neither does he sit for hours scattering his money heedlessly and blindly; but first he enjoys a little music, then looks into the reading room, responds to a tender smile by a courteous word in the Atrium, and only then proceeds leisurely to the tables where are to be found the revolving dice.

Then comes the Monte Carlo adventurer, the "chevalier d'industrie." Although he wears a loud suit, and impudently inspects every woman through his eyeglass, yet he obtains encouraging glances even from ladies carefully veiled. He never lost anything in his life, because he never had anything to lose. Now he is endeavoring to discover how to make something out of nothing. At home he is the nightly frequenter of hole-and-corner cafés; here he moves in the society of ladies of uncertain age. His species is known in Monte Carlo as the "irresistible" adventurer.

A broken-down old gentleman whose mustaches are dyed brown now enters. He has much difficulty in keeping himself erect. In that farthest room he once gambled away a million. Now he is kept by the bank and is allowed a louis d'or any day he likes to approach the roulette table. This old man is the "signboard" of the Casino. The successors of M. Blanc are indeed magnanimous—they pension off those whose wealth they devour!

A respectable family enter awk-

wardly. Father, mother, and two daughters. They look to the right and left and make inquiries. These are the innocents of Monte Carlo, the passers through. An attendant throws open the door of the gambling saloon for them. Every day are to be seen thousands of this type, who sacrifice two five-franc pieces at the tables.

A panting lady, thickly veiled and with rheumatic gait, walks straight into the room. An odor of scent diffuses itself around her as she passes. The attendants bow to her and a maid follows with a leather bag. They say it is full of gold and that the owner of it plays only on uneven dates. Those who cannot manufacture for themselves a system respecting the sequence of succeeding numbers believe in dreams, superstitions and chance. This Russian lady always puts down her stakes on odd days and on odd numbers. By malicious tongues this consistency of hers is looked upon as a homage paid to the departed companion of her life. She plays madly and hunts after single numbers. This Russian type does not stand alone at the tables.

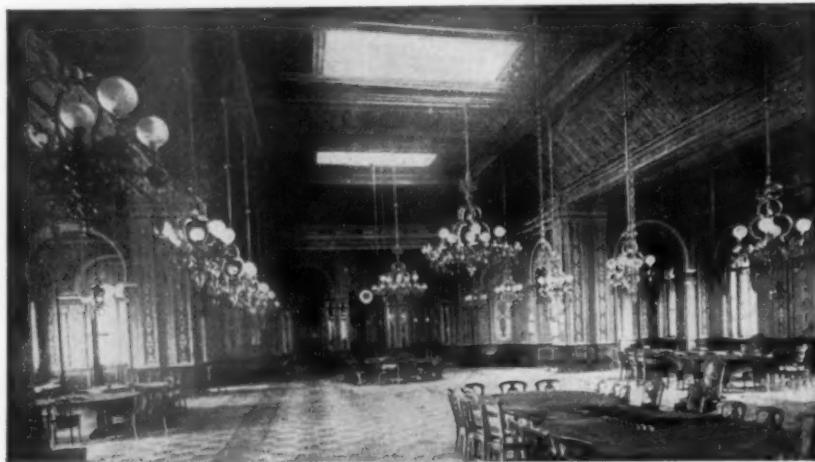
But see, here we have a waverer, which is a rarity, since vacillation is opposed to good manners. A gentleman walks with rapid steps towards the gambling saloon, then suddenly stops. He puts his hand to his pocket and walks back to the end of the hall. This trial of the pocket is repeated several times, as if he wished to make certain whether he still possessed a coin or not.

Then emerges a well-dressed gentleman, whom one will do well to note. Of easy manners, middle-aged, with a searching gaze, he is always ready to engage in conversation with anyone. The trade of this species is to fish for novices, giving them advice unsolicited. I call them the Mentors of the unversed; in reality, they are those honorable members of the Monte Carlo world who best know the reason why the "Gare aux Voleurs" has been put up at the railway station of the ever-smiling city by the sea. Finally a whole host of women, of whom Dumas,

in one of his dramas, gave a very appropriate simile when he classified them as peaches. In a fruiterer's shop are two baskets of peaches which fix your attention. Although the contents appear equally tempting, yet one is much dearer than the other. You ask why. You are requested to take one out of each basket and examine them well. When you do so, one is found to be quite sound, while on the other the quick eye detects a dark spot. Here the spotless are in a minority.

Now, having sufficiently inspected the quality of that world which we shall

my fellow passengers among them and see them entering the gambling saloon one after the other. (Oh, these music-mad people!) Thence also a crowd is issuing with, as is but natural, rather more lively complexions than belong to those pale, bloodless shapes who just now added to the numbers from without. These are the consumptives of Menton, dwelling only ten minutes' distance from our paradise. Their recipe, "Very little conversation and unconditional quietude," is, as we shall see later on, not at all incompatible with the regulations of the roulette table.



THE GAMBLING ROOM.

soon have an opportunity of observing face to face, at work, let us finish our survey of the Atrium, although, for that matter, there is no need to hasten to the tables. We have plenty of time. The "Faites vos jeux, messieurs," resounds unceasingly from 11 in the morning until 11 at night, but from the concert room crowds are already pouring out. You might imagine it to be all over, but in reality it is only the end of the first piece of music. I recognize

The tender solicitude of the proprietors is really touching, and when we consider that a carriage and four wafts these fragile forms from the station to the steps of the Casino in one minute, we really cannot without a tacit tribute of gratitude leave the Atrium, which for the moment is somewhat crowded, but only for a moment, because the three doors soon do their work of devouring the restless multitude.

DENIS DE SZURY.

IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

IN the Italian folklore it is on Twelfth Night that the good fairy Befano, the prototype of our Santa, appears to fill the children's stockings, so that the holiday making goes over Christmas and New Year and into the Epiph-

memories it brings in its train. Other Christmas times and other *Violas*, who in page's guise have charmed each her *Olivia*, pass before us in review. And while in reminiscent mood a word of one or two of those past favorites may



JESSIE BARTLETT-DAVIS.

From a Photograph copyrighted, 1895, by Morrison, Chicago.

any season. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" is so peculiarly fitted to these days of merriment and rejoicing—the slight pause the workaday world allows itself—that Mr. Daly's revival of the piece is valuable not only for its intrinsic merit but for the best of

not be inapropos. Shakespeare's heroines have yet to find a more beautiful and gifted exponent than Adelaide Neilson. Death ended her career when she had barely attained her zenith, and yet she stands alone. She played upon the emotions as upon an instru-

ment, and swayed her audience with every wave of feeling. That is the mystery of the divine fire, that all-conquering force that sweeps away all barriers and leaves the hearer to enjoy,

she brought to her work as an actress those two apt aids—an exquisitely modulated voice and a lovely personality. She is a granddaughter of the English ideal of the Tragic Muse, the



JOHN HARE IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

not define. Her *Viola* was the very embodiment of poetical romance, and in page's dress a more charming figure could scarcely be conceived.

Another picturesque *Viola* was Mrs. Scott Siddons, but a *Viola* of wholly different type. Though Mrs. Siddons found her greater success as a reader,

great Sarah Siddons, and of late years has retired from public life.

* * *

Whether or not the way was paved by the crusade of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," during which such startling bombs of verbosity were hurled hither and yon, certain it is that "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbssmith" will scarce-

ly have need of such wordy defense to hold her ground. Mr. Hare's production will bear close study, and the company that surrounds the English actor is in every way worthy of its head. The piece is of the emotion-dissecting type—actions torn apart by motives, the people have an insatiable desire to

"equal rights" and poverty; a rash marriage and still greater unhappiness; and finally the climax of misery, when, after unlawful union with the man she loves, they disperse, he to follow the path that family and politics have mapped out for him, she to seek refuge with the only friends who hold out a



JULIA NEILSON.

From a Photograph by Downey, Loudon

"see the wheels go round"—and it is the heroine who applies the knife most unsparingly. One inclined to fatalism would say *Mrs. Ebbsmith* was marked for unhappiness from birth, and bound to "dree her weird" to the bitter end. A miserable youth, as a socialist's daughter living in an atmosphere of

helping hand, to pass her days in retirement and presumable repentance! Literally an unfinished end, which throws the question back upon the spectators. The sin against convention remains ever the same; the greater or lesser responsibility of the individual is the real point at issue. The

Duke of St. Olpherts, Mr. John Hare's rôle, is to *Mrs. Ebbsmith* something as *Armand's* father is to *Camille*, albeit he is a self-contained, polished aristocrat who keeps what feeling he may possess scrupulously under lock and key. Miss Julia Neilson, as *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, makes a very dramatic but lovely sinner. In private life the lady is Mrs. Fred. Terry.

* * *

Mlle. Guilbert has shown herself to

ing merely a true picture of living. Not truth, but the deformities of truth, are these more hideous phases of human nature! Happily the artist is as clever in comedy as in tragic mood, and we have the reverse side of the picture with the same vivid power. That language is not the best mode of expression is a self-evident fact in her case. The reviewers openly confess that the figures of the French of the street so prominently set forth in Mlle.



KATHERINE GREY.

From a Photograph copyrighted, 1895, by Morrison, Chicago.

be *unsophisticatedly sophisticated*, if we may be permitted the term. The story she tells, the character she depicts in that artistic intoning of hers, is frankly robbed of the thin disguises of fine phrasing — in all its bare ugliness it stands before you. And yet the *raconteuse* throws over it the glamor of her own grace and a certain *naïveté*, magnetizes you with her wonderful eyes, and convinces you that she is giv-

Guilbert's songs are a sealed book to them. But the singer has her own methods of making clear mystical meanings without words. Her concession to the popular taste in "Linger Longer, Loo," displays her pretty English and her French diplomacy

* * *

On tour the Bostonians have found their newest opera, "A War-time Wedding," excellent material for pleas-

ing their audiences and setting forth the talents of their various members. There is a note of intensity in plot and music which it would seem is admirably suited in especial to W. H. McDonald and Jessie Bartlett-Davis.

Henry Arthur Jones, and is entitled "Michael and His Lost Angel." This will follow Olga Nethersole at the Empire Theatre, and is said to be the story of an erring clergyman whose sin finds him out — perhaps another *Arthur*



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.
From a Photograph by Downey, London.

Both these artists were known in grand opera before their adoption of the lighter operatic stage and both retain the instincts of their first love.

The new play which the Empire stock company has in preparation is by

Dimmesdale. Few details have been vouchsafed the public thus far, and curiosity is piqued in consequence.

Plays Southern in scene and incident are more prevalent than ever this season. "In Old Kentucky" is an es-

tablished favorite; "The Heart of Maryland" has captured the public; Russ Whytal's "For Fair Virginia" is another successful venture, and the beautiful story of "Alabama" is still told to enthusiastic audiences. And a Southern setting has its own peculiar charm, its subtle differences, which it will take more than a generation or two to remove.

* * *

Among the several novelties Louis

terest. The marvel is that the *preux chevalier* of that time, the Admirable Crichton, has not before this been selected as the hero of the drama. His exploits in the failing of Catherine de' Medici's schemes alone would prove ample.

* * *

"Shenandoah" established the war drama. A story, however simple, told amid the rattling of sabres, the booming of guns, brightened by soldiers'



ANNIE O'NEILL.

From a Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

James has presented this season is "Henry of Navarre," which had its first performance in Kansas City. The Medici régime supplied the French court with a personnel of beauty and valor and an atmosphere of intrigue, wickedness, but with a magnificent tinge of chivalry as saving grace. Such figures as Marguerite de Valois, Henry of Navarre and Chicot, the jester, would people any stage with in-

uniforms and dashed with the excitement of danger, is bound to carry the hearers with it. "Northern Lights," which has lately come to the American Theatre, warrants the praise it has evoked. The incidents of battle are interwoven with a plot neither slight nor commonplace. An army surgeon's history of marital infelicities and cowardly attempt to murder his wife are the facts to throw into relief the brav-

ery and self-sacrifice of *John Swiftwind*, the hero. This man, an Indian by birth, has sought civilization and graduated from a college, only to discover that his brotherhood to the whites is an empty title, and his home with the redskins his no longer. Alone against the world, he lives a brave man and dies an heroic death. Mr. Courtleigh fills the requirements of the lead to the letter. But the cast throughout very ably bears the piece. Grace Atwell, who is seen as *Florence Sherwood*, should have a very perfect comprehension of the ethics of the war play, having appeared both in "Shenandoah" and that other notable success, "The Girl I Left Behind me." Another important character, that of *Sidney Sherwood*, is in the hands of Mr. Clarence Handyside, a young actor whose rise has been as steady as inborn ability and determined effort justify. When Mr. Handyside first turned to the stage it was more in the spirit of a momentary fancy than a definite idea of adopting it as a profession; but he soon discovered he had found his calling, and he won his way unaided. Some of his earlier engagements were with Robson and Crane and as leading support to Frederick Warde. More recently he accompanied Maude Granger on one of her later starring tours, playing the leading rôle in "Inherited" and others of the emotional type which constituted Miss Granger's repertory of plays.

* * *

"For the Crown," at Palmer's, will be an early February production, while "Gentleman Joe," of much litigation, is promised at the Fifth Avenue.

* * *

Duse and Bernhardt will start their American tours almost at the same moment. The French actress on this visit comes armed with a repertory quite new to us. One piece that will be received with a vast deal of interest is Alfred de Musset's "On ne badine pas avec l'amour" (One does not jest with love). De Musset's life itself, rife with unhappy incidents, the outcome of the poetic, unbalanced temperament, the nature so prone to melancholy, was dra-

matic from first to last. Morbidly sensitive as he was, he could satirize fiercely when wounded. Who can forget the telling effect of the last lines of his "A Dead Woman" (*La Morte*)?

And she, who only seemed to live,
But had no life, is dead!
And from her hands the book has dropped
In which she never read.

* * *

But, by-the-by, the French dramatists are to be very thoroughly represented on the American stage, it would seem. Laura Almosnino is playing Max O'Rell's "A Cat's Paw." Olga Nether-sole is adding "La Princesse de Bagdad" of Dumas to her list of impersonations, and Gladys Wallis' new play will be an adaptation from the French of *Pailleron*.

* * *

"The Governor of Kentucky," by Mr. Fyles, has been well heralded by the controversy over its possible identification with Mr. Ford's play, "The Governor's Daughter." Arguments for and against will probably all be in before Mr. W. H. Crane produces it during his coming engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The part of the heroine will be assumed by Miss Annie O'Neill, who is winsome enough to grace any rôle, even though it be one of the far-famed maidens of the Blue Grass country. Her *Anne Page*, in Mr. Crane's revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" last year, was as girlishly mischievous an impersonation as might set any *Slender* by the ears.

* * *

This season's record has been most convincing in one regard; namely, that the first and foremost requirement of the English burlesquer is that he should go trippingly through his lines, if he has any. If not, that he should go trippingly in any case. "His Excellency" introduced some capital dancing; "The Shop Girl" simply teems with clever pedal specialties, and now a fresh corps of dancers and a new display of ingenuity are come to build up "An Artist's Model." Not only in the ballroom scene, legitimate

ground for the display of their art, but in the studio as well, their feet are continually going with an irresistible lilt. Everybody has the infection! Of the piece itself there is little to be said save that, like its predecessors, it boasts a tiny thread of a story running through a heap of amusing nonsense. The model, after an absence, a marriage and widowhood, returns to be finally wedded to her artist lover. There are a runaway schoolgirl and some anxious guardians incidental to the plot, and you have the facts of the case. For the rest it is delightfully inconsequential; it abounds with tuneful numbers and offers some excellent voices; there is the usual swell, the usual Frenchman, and the unusual soubrette. In fact, it is Miss Marie Studholme who has developed into the star of the production, partly through her pi-quancy and abandon as the schoolgirl *Daisy Vane*, and wholly through the potent charm of a particularly pretty face. "An Artist's Model" is likely to remain at the Broadway for many a week.

* * *

Glancing at theatrical doings all over the country one gleans some curious facts about the life of plays. A play census indeed would develop a surprising longevity in pieces long since supposed to have fallen into the dust and ashes of forgetfulness. Until within a very recent date that old stager "After Dark" was making an annual tour through the by-ways of play circuits. Melodrama practically went out of fashion for a term of years. "After Dark" had no qualities to warrant its existence after its fellows had sunk from view, yet, year by year, made its rounds, gathered in its quota of profits and may even now be lurking in some unexpected corner. "The Black Crook" has become a perennial, but has undergone such alteration that its creators would barely recognize it. And so with a hundred others whose humor would seem to be out of date, whose plots are worn threadbare, and still they weather the storms of so many winters.

But speaking of old plays, the villain that "still pursued her" is once more coming forth from his lair—that is to say, Mr. George Holland is to bring out at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia that old favorite "The Streets of New York," which so long has lain dormant. This was a contemporary of "The Two Orphans,"



CLARENCE HANDYSIDE.

From a Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

in which, by the way, Kate Claxton has just closed her season.

* * *

"Shore Acres" is on the verge of its thousandth birthday. Truly it gives mathematical assurance of its quality and of the work of Mr. James A. Herne in making it famous. Among the players who have been identified with the

piece one who gained much public favor was Miss Katharine Grey, whose portrayal of *Nell* was so sympathetically charming. This young actress has of late been seen in the cast of "A Great Diamond Robbery."

The improbability of light opera librettos has long been an accepted fact. The peripatetic qualities of the heroine, who is quite liable to travel from Dan to Beersheba between the acts, the ardor of the lover who follows her, the comedy lady's incomprehensible freaks and the general pairing off of everyone with anyone in the finale are what we all look for in the natural course of things. That, however, there is sometimes a more liberal reading of the story than is anticipated was proved by the criticism a Western shop girl passed on Camille d'Arville's latest opera. Miss d'Arville is figuring in "Madeline; or, The Magic Kiss," and that same magic kiss is responsible for all the misadventures that befall, as well as the joyful conclusion. The critic delivered herself in this wise:

"That new opera of Miss d'Arville's is no good. Nobody is going to believe that all those wonderful things could happen all on account of such a little thing as a kiss. Besides," she added as a clinching argument, "there's nothing real about that kiss to begin with."

Since Jessie Brown heard the slogan of the Campbells at the siege of Lucknow and the stage swarmed with the plaided warriors the kilts of the clansmen have possessed an irresistible attraction. The "Rob Roy" colors gave a sudden vogue to the blend of many tints, and filled the shops with plaids

galore. "Bonnie Scotland" gives them a new popularity, and tells as well a pretty story of the land of the heather. A Highland vendetta and its final amicable settlement are the pivot on which the plot turns. Much picturesque scenery and a series of exciting situations add to the interest.

* * *

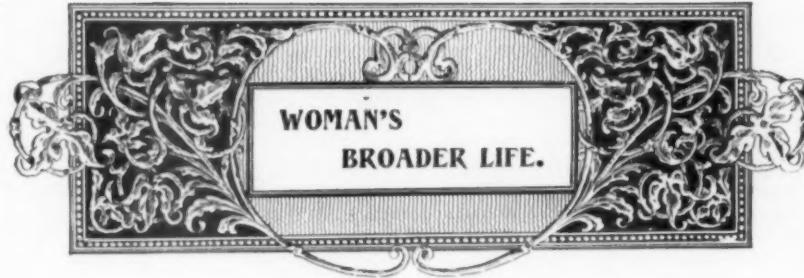
Mr. Creston Clarke, who was for some time identified with Mr. Daly's stock company, is again on a starring tour this season through the West and South, where he is well known and greatly liked. If heredity has anything to do with the case Mr. Clarke has only to give way to the traditions that must find vent in him to step into greatness. John S. Clarke for a father, Agnes Booth for a mother and Edwin Booth for an uncle—here is a legacy of genius indeed! And this young descendant has already given proof of it. His preference is for the Shakespearean drama and *Hamlet* one of his favorite rôles, though in romantic characters of the *Claude Melnotte* order he excels as well.

* * *

Such a superabundance of stars is announced for the coming season that it would seem the entire theatrical fraternity is seized with the starring mania. If rumor says true some of our best stock companies will be sadly depleted in consequence. In the dramatic army, as in any other, however, a vacancy is hardly noticed before the ranks close up; we have scarcely leisure to miss a favorite from an accustomed place before another claimant for the last one's honors appears. Of such is the world of bohemia!

EMMA H. DE ZOUCHE.





WOMAN'S BROADER LIFE.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

WHAT NOTED WOMEN SAY ON CURRENT TOPICS.

SUGGESTIONS ON COOKERY.

ORGANIZATIONS OF WOMEN.

WORKING WOMEN.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

THE chief topic of conversation is the success of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, which started on September 18 and died officially at midnight on the last day of the old year. Thanks to the matchless energy of the men and women of the Gate City of the South it proved a success so memorable that its influence will affect the future development of the South for at least twenty years. It was not as large as the World's Fair in Paris or the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, but it easily took the first place among the great expositions of the second class throughout the civilized world in the past two decades. In natural and acquired beauty it was unique. Those who saw it will never forget its countless charms, and those who have seen it second hand, through the numerous photographs and other pictures of the place, will look back with regret at their inability to visit it in person. Of the attraction of the vast crowds, of the splendid aid rendered by both the Federal Government and the great States and cities of the Union, little needs to be said. They are familiar to all readers and have become a portion of the history of the event. But there are many lessons to be drawn from it which will be of value to the statesman, the

merchant and the capitalist of the immediate future. The first lesson is that the South is not homogeneous, but, on the contrary, is so heterogeneous that it is producing different types of human beings. An hour's sojourn at the fair was enough to show any critical observer that the clear air, dry soil and pure water of the highlands of Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas are producing strong, energetic men and beautiful, intellectual women, while the lowlands and marshy districts tend towards less progressive and less vigorous specimens of the race.

A second lesson is that the women of the South are developing at a pace which will soon set them ahead of their sisters in other parts of the country. Any number of schools were represented at the fair, and in the throngs which crossed its threshold there were thousands of girl students and sweet girl graduates. Instead of wasting their time upon idle accomplishments nearly all were taking or had taken educational courses in which some sort of technical training was an integral part. Among their exhibits were excellent samples of work in architectural drawing, in bridge construction, in horticulture and floriculture, in fine writing, bookkeeping, shorthand and stenography, in painting and sketching, mod-

eling and designing, in the practical and applied sciences, and in every field where education has a pecuniary or professional value as well as merely literary or intellectual. The result was to be seen in the conduct of both the matriculates and graduates of the schools and colleges for women throughout the South. They visited Machinery Hall, the great collections of ores and minerals, the cabinets of geology, botany, zoology, and applied arts, not as matters of idle interest but as objects of study and mental improvement. Knowledge of this sort means more than the mere culture of the individual. It means a development of the business sense, and a vastly increased power to take advantage of the natural resources which make the South richer than El Dorado. A third lesson was the extraordinary development in woman's work. The Woman's Building, one of the most exquisite of the structures upon the fair grounds, was the creation of a young Pittsburg woman, Miss Elise Mercur. The finest wood carving on exhibition was from Miss Agnes Pitman, the best examples of art pottery were from the hands of Miss Clara Chipman Newton, and the most ornate and original decorative designs were by Mrs. Mary Trivett. It would be difficult to surpass and even to equal the Greek and other decorations of Miss Temple and Miss Sheldon, of Washington and Baltimore. In patents and inventions the public were astounded to find that several hundred American women had entered the race so long monopolized by men. In the invaluable collection representing woman's progress in music and law made by Mrs. Theodore Sutro, of New York, nearly a thousand names appeared in one field and over one hundred in the other.

In the collection of American women writers by Mrs. Porter King, wife of the Mayor of Atlanta, 1,600 women were enrolled. Other lists carefully compiled for the occasion show that women are pursuing successful careers in the pulpit, the studio, as dentists, as mathematicians, as classicists, physicians, trained nurses, veterinary sur-

geons, editors, publishers, playwrights, chemists, geologists, astronomers, detectives and manufacturers. Nor were the women confined to one or two of the great cities where intellectuality is supposed to reach its highest limits. On the contrary, they came from all parts of the country, being, if possible, more numerous in the Central States than in the Eastern, Middle, Western or Southern. It would be unjust to close without paying tribute to the unlimited courtesy and hospitality shown by the women of Atlanta to the visitors from every part of the world. Their homes were caravanserais and they themselves were hosts who were busy day and night making their guests happy. Among the leaders in this movement, which did so much to increase the charm of Atlanta and the exposition, were Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. W. C. Lanier, Mrs. Porter King, Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson, Mrs. Beverly Wrenn, Mrs. Sam Inman, Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, Mrs. Andrew Simonds, Mrs. Burton Smith, Mrs. Clark Howell, Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, Mrs. A. B. Steele, Mrs. Hugh Hagin, Mrs. Sam Stocking, Mrs. W. H. Felton, Mrs. W. Peel, Mrs. William A. Hemp hill, Mrs. Alice M. Taylor, Mrs. Livingston Mimms, Mrs. Grant Wilson, Mrs. Albert Cox, Mrs. Sophia Keenan, Mrs. C. Collier, Mrs. E. C. Peters, Mrs. A. V. Gude, Mrs. E. L. Tyler, Mrs. W. M. Dickson, Mrs. W. G. Raoul, Mrs. Hugh Angier, Mrs. W. D. Grant, Mrs. Norris Brandon, Mrs. A. E. Thornton, Mrs. Clarence Knowles, Mrs. Hoke Smith, Mrs. Robert Lowery and Mrs. George Taylor.

* * *
The famous Maybrick case, which dropped out of sight some eight years ago, is again coming to the front as a matter of deep public interest, thanks to a large organization which has been formed in England and America to secure Mrs. Maybrick's release. The story is a very sad one. Florence E. Maybrick is an American of the bluest blood. She is a daughter of the late William G. Chandler, a prominent banker of Mobile, Ala., where she was born in 1862. Her pedigree is one of

which she may well be proud. One of her ancestors was Samuel Phillips, lieutenant governor of Massachusetts and served under Wolfe at Quebec and a fourth was chief justice of the United States Supreme Court. She received a



CYNTHIA WESTOVER.

founder of Andover Theological Seminary. Her maternal grandfather was Darius B. Holbrook, cousin of John Quincy Adams. Another ancestor

fine education and was brought up under the very best social auspices.

Her father died during her youth and her mother some years afterward

married the Baron de Roques, a French nobleman of fine character and high standing. In 1881, when eighteen years of age and without the slightest knowledge of the world, she was married to James Maybrick, of Liverpool, England. He was forty-four years of age, had lived a fast life from a mere youth, was the father of several illegitimate children, and was addicted to the use of stimulants, tonics and medicines of all sorts. She had been brought up in the old school, knew nothing of these things, and had been taught to honor and religiously obey her husband. The marriage proved, as might be expected, more unhappy than happy, the chief cause of her sorrow being the continual appearance of unpleasant reminders of Maybrick's past life.

In April, 1889, Mr. Maybrick was taken sick and in May he died. He left considerable property, including all her own estate, which was held in his name. Had nothing occurred she would have received a widow's share and the balance would have gone to the two children of the union. But Maybrick's two brothers had her arrested upon the charge of having poisoned her husband, upon which charge she was tried and convicted. The property thereby went to them, and she was left penniless and condemned to death. The presiding judge was so uncertain about the justice of the verdict that he reported it to the British Government as a proper case for mercy, and they commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life.

There is no appeal in the British criminal law, and she was hurried off to Woking prison. Her mother and a few good friends who had paid the heavy expenses of the trial made heroic exertions and raised enough money to pay for another appeal for executive clemency, but did not succeed in getting enough testimony and enough authority to bear upon the matter. They started, almost heartbroken and hopeless, to make a second and stronger attempt. But it was a very hard undertaking. A number of benevolent women in England and America, headed by Dr. Helen Densmore, Mrs.

Prindiville, Mrs. Massingberd and Mrs. M. M. Cook, started an association to help the worn-out mother as well as the luckless prisoner. They began a campaign in England, and then, perceiving that American women were interested in the case on account of Mrs. Maybrick's nationality, as well as of her beauty, breeding and goodness, they broadened their society into the Woman's International Maybrick Association, and appointed the following committee for the United States: Mrs. Charles Henrotin, of Chicago, president General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rev. Phoebe A. Hannaford, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Dr. Harriette C. Keatinge, Margherita Arlina Hamm and Mrs. I. T. Bell. These women have begun a similar movement in this country, and have received assurance of aid and support from at least 50,000 women. On both sides of the ocean the work goes bravely on, and it is hoped that in the spring they will be able to appear before the Home Secretary, representing a million women in England and America.

They have with them in their work the greatest jurist in England, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice, and several hundred eminent lawyers and physicians. They have also unearthed much valuable testimony and have secured the opinions of great chemists and scientists on the matter. Every day that goes by strengthens their case, because the progress in chemistry is so rapid that the testimony which secured the conviction is being disproved, statement by statement, as time passes. They can show now that Maybrick had used arsenic for many years; that it had been prescribed for him by physicians and put up for him by druggists; that he died not of poisoning but of acute gastric enteritis; and, what is more, they are now able to prove that he never received any poison from his wife and that there was not enough in his stomach to even occasion disease, much less death. It is to be sincerely hoped that the association, having succeeded so well thus far, will be able to

carry the matter through to a triumphant termination and secure the release of the wretched, despairing prisoner.

* * *
A nine days' wonder was the great Hebrew Fair, held at the Madison Square Garden in New York, in aid of a number of magnificent charities. In size, splendor, wealth, attendance, beauty, management, and results, it surpassed everything on record. The Madison Square Garden is probably the largest hall in the world. The building covers a huge city block, and is ex-

Industrial Institute, where boys and girls are taught to become skilled workmen, artisans, and artists, and the Hebrew Educational Alliance, which trains newly arrived immigrants into first-class American citizens.

Much of the success of this wonderful fair was due to the exertions of a new and powerful society called the New York Council of Jewish Women, which is a local branch of a larger one, the National Council of Jewish Women. The New York branch is headed by Mrs. Rebecca Kohut, widow of the



CORINNE RUTH STOCKER.

tended by a beautiful arcade so as to cover the adjoining sidewalks. The garden proper is only a part of the building, but of course the larger part, and is said to be over 200 feet wide, 500 long and 100 high at the centre, accommodating over 15,000 guests. The entire space was utilized by the fair, which was crowded with visitors from the opening each day to the closing at night. The receipts are said to have been over \$200,000, the largest sum ever taken in by a private fair. It goes to the benefit of some of the charities for which the Jews of New York are famous, more especially the Hebrew

great scholar Rabbi Alexander Kohut, and among its officers includes Mrs. L. Stern, vice-president; Miss N. Meinhard, corresponding secretary; Miss Carrie Wise, recording secretary; Mrs. H. Vineberg, treasurer; Mrs. C. Sulzberger, chairman of committee on religion; Mrs. W. Einstein, chairman of committee on philanthropy, and Mrs. J. Beer, vice-president of the National Council for the State of New York; and among the members and leaders of circles are Mrs. A. H. Lewis, Miss Julia Richman, Mrs. Esther Ruskay, Mrs. K. Kohler, Mrs. Charles Schlesinger, Mrs. Lillie Hirschfield, Mrs.

Vidave, Mrs. Isidore Straus, Mrs. Sternberger, Miss Wise and Miss Lyons.

* * *

At the present time preparations are making for the twenty-eighth annual convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, which meets in Washington the week of January 23-29. This promises to be the largest and most brilliant gathering of the leaders and members of that party. The movement has made wonderful progress in the year just past, both at home and abroad. The State of Utah has joined the number of those which give suffrage to women, making three of the forty-five States of the Union. Eight other States appear to be on the point of following this example. In Canada the suffrage movement is organized thoroughly in every province and at the present moment seems to have a slight majority in the Dominion Parliament.

In Australasia, West Australia has adopted political equality, so that now the five provinces of Australia and the two of New Zealand are all in the same column.

In the West Indies, Bermuda has adopted female suffrage by an almost

unanimous vote. In England the suffrage party claim 5,000,000 of the 14,000,000 adults of the United Kingdom.

This tremendous figure is only approached by New York State, in which of 2,000,000 adults 900,000 are similarly on record as being in favor of woman's enfranchisement.

To the calm observer it is not a long way before political equality becomes the organic law of the American Union. The convention brings together not only the old leaders, such as Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe, Imogene C. Fales, Isabella Beecher Hooker, the Rev. Phoebe A. Hannaford and Matilda Gage; but also the new stars of the present generation, such as Elizabeth U. Yates, of Maine; Belle Kearney, of Mississippi; Laura Clay, of Kentucky; Augusta Howard, of Georgia; Mrs. Emma Kraemer, of North Dakota; Carrie Chapman Catt, of New York; Jessie S. Cassedy, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Priscilla Hackstaff, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood, LL. B., Miss Teresa Barcalow, Miss Harriette Keyser, Mrs. Kate Masterson, Miss Eliza D. Keith, Miss Corinne Stocker, Mrs. Geo. Derby and Miss Cynthia Westover.

THE HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

It was probably Professor McLellan who first pointed out in literary form the many artistic conceptions of the various aboriginal races of the American continent. He has been followed by Cushing, Professor Mason and other eminent scholars, who have largely extended our knowledge upon the subject. The Mexican Historical Society, Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon, and Mrs. Blake have extended that knowledge to Yucatan and Central America, so that we have now a world of information and a vast storehouse of photographs and replicas upon which to draw for our own uses. But long before these writers and explorers had begun their work the artistic sense of American women had already seen and appreciated the pretty conceits of the

Indian mind, and had utilized them for the decoration of the parlor, the boudoir and the dining room.

Long years ago in Maine a handsome wall trophy consisted of an Indian shield, crossed spears, a bow, a dozen arrows, a tomahawk and scalping knife.

Still another trophy was composed of the prow of a small birch-bark canoe, backed by the crossed paddles, carved and inlaid, with which it was once propelled. On the mantelpiece and bureau were pretty conch shells ground down to make drinking cups, hairpin cases and match boxes. Alongside were beautiful little boxes or cases made of birch and other barks and decorated with porcupine quills or brilliantly dyed feathers, and some-

times with rough but graceful needle-work. A rude draping was made of wampum, alternating the white shells with the black, and sometimes combining other colors so as to produce a very pleasing chromatic effect. The soft and yielding skin of the panther, the wolf, the skunk, the possum, the wood-chuck, the deer, the wildcat, the fox and otter were used for rugs, for chair cushions, for sofa tidies, for footrests, and even for rough upholstery. These were obtained from the Indians, because the latter have a rare skill in tanning and preserving skins, so as to make them sweet and durable and at the same time very soft and pliable. Occasionally Indian pottery was utilized by those who have keramic tastes. Little of the pottery made by the Eastern Indians was, however, handsome enough for use in the parlor. What were liked were patterns which were grotesque, uncouth and savage. This included figures of so-called idols, hominy pots, corn jars and water bottles, some of which were so curiously shaped as to be positively funny. For a gentleman's room nothing was prettier then, nor to-day, than a collection of Indian pipes or calumets. These possessed remarkable variety and beauty. Nearly all agreed in regard to the bowl, which was made from the famous calumet stone, a rock that is found in but few places, which carves well, takes a good polish, is strong and durable, and, what is necessary to the smoker, is moderately absorbent. Even in the bowls there was variety. Some were small affairs, with minute apertures, holding scarcely more than a few

whiffs of tobacco; others were large and deep enough for the most inveterate user of the weed.

Some were perfectly plain, others were decorated with geometrical patterns; still others were carved into rude but not unpleasing designs. Others bore the totem of the tribe, and still others had carved upon them the ideographs recounting the prowess of the owner. But in the stems there was extraordinary variety. These ranged from mere reeds, without any pretense to beauty, to long stems, four and five feet in length, dyed, polished and profusely decorated. One type, which appears to have been a kind of loving cup, was made from apparently an elder or some other vegetable containing pith which can be easily removed. Toward the smoker's end it branched off into two or even three branch stems, each one of which had a mouth-piece. One person could use them by covering the end of two mouth pieces with his fingers, while he inhaled

through the third; but it appears to have been used only on state occasions, and then as an expression of peace and friendship between rival chiefs or warriors of rival tribes.

Probably the finest were made by the Greeks and Seminoles, although handsome specimens found in other parts of the country may have come from other sources. The late Samuel Bradford Fales, of Philadelphia, had a large number of these calumets in his famous collection, and at present there are fair collections in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution and many private individuals.



EMMA A. CRANMER.

Another curious war trophy consisted of flint knives surrounded by concentric layers of flint arrow heads, wild animals' teeth and flint spear heads. It was a very eloquent symbol and told the tale of savage life in a second. For the lover of ceramics the Aztecs, Toltecs and Mayas and Zunis of the West have left an immense quantity of admirable work in clay. Some of those unknown and prehistoric potters must have attained great skill, especially when it is borne in mind that they had few mechanical aids and appliances. Mr. Cushing has shown samples of the Zuni pottery that in lightness, elegance and grace would compare favorably with many wares made to-day. Even at the present time some of the Indian tribes in the Southwest of our country, who seem to have gained their knowledge from pre-existing races, turn out large and handsome water jars, hand painted with extraordinary birds, queer leaves, and savage geometrical patterns, that are extremely pleasing in appearance and which can be used for a long time if a little care be exercised in the handling.

Madame Le Plongeon has shown a similar state of affairs to have existed under the old Maya civilization, and has unearthed hundreds of articles which display considerable keramic skill and taste. Among these are oil flasks, perfume holders, antique lamps, hot-water bottles, milk jars, toilet vases, ecclesiastical urns, table and kitchen ware, mortuary objects, and others for which no particular use has as yet been found or assigned. There is a great variety in the shapes, some approaching the exquisite three-centred ovals of the Etruscan vases and others the graceful ostrich or ibis neck. Besides the skillful management of the clay itself they had a good eye for color and what we will call good taste in ornamentation, whether by dot, line, form or relief.

Besides these various goods the prehistoric potters in that part of our continent made dolls, idols, figures of animals and other little objects, which were probably employed as toys by the children of their time.

In the Southern States the Indians removed the outer bark from the palmetto and other varieties of the palm family, and then employed the inner bark for household purposes. This inner bark varies from species to species and from tree to tree, and from even the base of the tree to the top of it. The range is very great in texture, strength, fibre, durability, and even color. At the base of an old tree it is nearly as thick as leather with a hairy outside, which at first sight suggests the hide of an animal and a color dark and deep in brown, maroon, or sepia. The inner skin at the top of a tree is thin, not over strong, rather fleecy, and of a greenish white. The darker-colored pieces do not change color when dried; the white yellow, pink, light green, and dark green fade and darken with exposure to the open air and the sunlight.

This inner bark or skin of these trees can be cut into pieces and sewed together like any woven fabric. Treated in this manner it makes handsome curtains, hangings or floor rugs. The surface can be also decorated so as to produce very pretty effects. The Indians employed a number of ways to give variety to the shaggy surface. One was pyrographic and consisted in burning patterns on the surface with a hot ember and later with a hot iron. Another was to put on splashes of bright dyes, still another was to roughly embroider it with gaily colored cord.

Some New York women who were in Florida a year ago found that the dried bark, properly stretched, could be used as a background on which to paste dried leaves, or to paint some rough pattern in oil paints. The effect of the latter is quite out of the ordinary run. The paint seizes the hairy surface of the bark and, as it dries, lifts it slightly forward from the main body of the wood. The leaves and flowers sketched in this manner seem like the real thing loosely attached to the bark.

In California and Colorado many good housewives use the old Indian blankets for household decoration. Those made by the squaws are very strong and durable and are as brill-

iantly colored as a Roman scarf, the predominating color being red. They put it on in massive but handsome bands ranging from 2 to 6 inches in width. These blankets furnish or upholster a chair or sofa in a very pleasant manner and are extremely comfortable to the user. They also make attractive portière curtains and very cozy rugs for a sitting or smoking room. Most of them can be washed and will wear a lifetime.

A very pretty wall hanging, to droop

headdress of a chief on the warpath. This is a circle of cloth or deerskin studded with feathers and culminating in a large eagle's plume and thence running two or three feet downward in a queue likewise profusely decorated with feathers of a little shorter and sturdier variety.

Equally deserving of praise as a matter of utility as well as of beauty is the wonderful basketwork done by the Indian women. They not alone reproduce all their old forms but will



ELIZA D. KEITH ("DI VERNON")

from a picture nail or hook near the ceiling down to the sides of the frame, may be made of an Indian blanket embroidered with dyed porcupine quills or feathers. Still another mode is to cut the feathers out into rude figures, color them accordingly, and then apply them to the outside of the tissue.

Among beautiful ornaments for the hall is a bunch of Indian spears of the largest size. On either side and fastened to the top of each spear is the

make anything which you yourself may design or suggest. The basket book table is a great ornament to a reading room. It is a four-legged affair, with two shelves beside the table top, and though light and fragile in appearance is far stronger than much of the machine-made furniture of to-day. Civilization is having its effect upon the Indians and they are very apt to make the basket table plain or else colored in one flat and monot-

onous tint. If, however, they may be instructed to decorate it in the wild Indian style they will work in the color as they weave, so that when they are done the article will be a mass of bright hues, but so interwoven as to make a restful and beautiful effect upon the spectator. In the same way they make basket picture frames, card cases, portfolios, reading screens, and even parlor screens, papoose boards and baby chairs, footstools and sewing baskets. For a summer house no cooler or more delightful style of decoration could be desired. The floor should be plain and uncarpeted,

but on it should be here and there the skins of wild animals and Indian blankets. The wainscoting should be done in birch bark and the walls left either plain or upholstered with the inner bark of the palm. At one place should be a trophy of Indian arms, and at another the antlers of a moose or elk. Upon the tables and other convenient spots should be pieces of pottery and other bric-à-brac. The curtains should be of blankets rolled back so as to not interfere with the air and light. Such a room would be a thing of exquisite beauty and a joy to everyone in the household.

ORGANIZATIONS OF WOMEN.

THREE MODEL CLUBS.

Each club, like every individual, must work out its own salvation. According to its members, its surroundings, the customs of the place and the fashions of the period will be its career and development. Some will develop into powerful social organizations; others into societies for the study of poetry; some into political unions and others into musical bodies. One will become a club of one idea, while a second will be versatile to the last degree. Yet, no matter how varying the tastes and tendencies, each club may achieve greatness if it but remains true to itself. Slowly but constantly it attracts those of similar proclivities; it grows in membership, knowledge and ability; it unconsciously raises its standards by degrees, until after a few years or many it finds itself esteemed and loved as a leader in the community. Three clubs which enjoy a widespread reputation for high-class work illustrate these propositions with considerable force.

The first is the Colonia Club, of Brooklyn. It is a newcomer comparatively in that city, but from its birth it has left nothing undone to make its meetings attractive and to give them a high literary and intellectual value. With the skill gained by experience, it improved its programmes in every respect. As a result its sessions to-day

are of as high a character as the proceedings of many learned societies. A single programme will suffice to show what they are like: 1. Essay by Mrs. W. B. Fox on "What Women Have Done for Science"; 2. Sketch of Sophia Kovelesky, by Mrs. Marianna Matthews; 3. Paper on "The Share of Woman in Primitive Culture and Industry," by Mrs. Alfred Romer. Each subject was handled in a masterly manner and was highly enjoyed by all present. This programme ought to be preserved in the archives of every society of the same general class.

* * *

Equally memorable, but of a very different character in every respect, is the programme for the year of the Society for Political Study, of New York. The committee took the new constitution of the Empire State and divided it into twenty-two subjects. Important articles in the document, such as Article III., which covers the Senate, Assembly and other weighty topics, were cut into pieces, while others, such as Articles I. and II., were left as entities. Each subject was assigned to one session, and to each subject was assigned a member as the special orator of the day.

The meetings last from October to April. A printed circular gives the dates, subjects and speakers, and so en-

ables the members to keep themselves thoroughly informed on what is going on. In the selection of speakers care has been taken to give particular topics to those who have already made special studies of them. Thus the Bill of Rights was discussed by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake; qualifications for suffrage, by Miss Harriette A. Keyser, who is the organizer of the Woman Suffrage party in the metropolis; county courts, by Mrs. Florence Clinton Sutro, a graduate in law and an officer of the Woman's Legal Education Society. Beyond this every member who has special knowledge upon a theme is expected to contribute a five-minute speech or paper. In this way the club enjoys a more careful and systematic course of study than is given in many colleges. Nor is that all. In treating a topic the orators follow both the historic and comparative methods. The Bill of Rights involves the former state constitutions, old English legislation, colonial charters, and even *Magna Charta* itself. The modern offices of supervisor and alderman bring up selectmen, elders, burgesses, guilds, commissioners, lord-sheriffs, franklins, earls, and much mediæval lore. Thus the course of study in government is also a special study in the history of our race. It is, therefore, but little wonder that the Society for Political Study should have crowded meetings, and that its proceedings should be published by the metropolitan press. A similar course could be profitably undertaken by clubs in other States. If the proceedings were printed from all the States they would make a grand volume.

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Of a still different type is the famous Phalo Club, of New York. It does not aim at being popular, nor does it subordinate study and development to social pleasure. It starts where many societies leave off. It says "science is well, art is well, history is well, but give us the truths to which these lead, the philosophy of which they are but the instruments!" They cultivate philosophy in the broadest sense of the word. A glimpse at

their proceedings gives one a good insight into their modes of mental work. Thus at one meeting Miss Mary Had-dow read an able paper on "What Philosophy Characterizes the Writings of Chaucer?"; Mrs. T. S. Kenyon spoke with great learning on "The Influence of Metaphysics on Science," and Miss Helen G. Titus gave a scholarly address on "The Logic of Hypnotism."

On another occasion the club devoted a session to the consideration of "Insanity Among Women," discussing its cause, alleviation, treatment and cure; asylums for insane women, criminal insane asylums, *writs de lunatico inquirendo*, rights and liabilities of people of unsound mind, and kindred topics. At other meetings such subjects have been presented as Plato and Emerson, Fichte and Berkeley, Hamilton and Herbert Spencer, Spinoza and Descartes, the Neo-Alexandrian Philosophers, the Encyclopædists and the Transcendentalists. Work of this sort cannot be done by the great majority. It requires studious, well-educated and ambitious people to begin with. It requires leisure and first-class libraries. It requires a community large and rich enough to furnish these and to furnish also a class of women from which the members of the club can be drawn.

The Phalo is possible in not more than a hundred American cities, if even that many. Nevertheless it may be held up as a model by all cities. While it may be difficult to attain the same height, it is easy to go higher than one was before. All progress is relative and a little club of ten in following the Phalo's example might do more and better work in view of its own limitations.

* * *

HOSPITAL LIFE.

One of the greatest additions to the machinery of civilization is the trained nurse. She enters a hospital as a student at twenty or upward after she has begun the serious work of life. She must have a fine physique, an excellent education, a good moral character, a sympathetic nature and an aptitude to learn. She works and studies in the

hospital night and day for two or three years and is then graduated. She combines the virtues of the old-fashioned nurse with almost the knowledge of a physician. She has shorn the sick bed of most of its terrors and made the sick room less disagreeable than ever before. She is now an indispensable officer in the hospital and a necessary aid to the surgeon. Her life is a hard one and requires her to take a week off every now and then in order to preserve her own health and life. Her fee or wages is \$20 or \$25 a week, not so much as is paid to workers in many trades. Yet would it be believed a man, a doctor, in Brooklyn and one in New York have been found who pronounce these figures exorbitant and desire to start a school which will "turn out cheap nurses," women who will work for \$12 or \$15 a week and their board!

It is pleasant to record that these would-be oppressors of the poor found themselves unsupported by the public and by their own profession. They were denounced by the press and ridiculed by their own colleagues. The discussion brought out many interesting facts. The strain, for example, of a nurse in attending a serious case lasting a month and upward is so great that she is usually unable to accept a new engagement for a week or a fortnight. The time consumed in waiting for calls ranges from one-sixth to one-fourth of the year. The calling is so onerous that the average career in it is but ten years.

A trained nurse saves more than her salary by reason of shorter sickness and smaller bills to the patient from physician and pharmacist. And yet the Brooklyn practitioner objects to them. In all probability he unconsciously begrudges the possible cutting down of his own fees.

* * *

HULL HOUSE SETTLEMENT.

No matter how strong and resistless the enemy, there are always brave hearts to volunteer in a forlorn hope. No matter how low and degraded people may become, there are always noble

women ready and anxious to go forth and carry light into the darkness. In Chicago the pressure of population, and especially of immigration, has superinduced a pitiable number of slums. Into one of these districts went a group of Christian workers, headed by Miss Jane Adams, and founded the settlement now known the world over as Hull House. It has already worked a peaceful revolution in its immediate neighborhood and has done priceless good to thousands of poor, helpless, hopeless and benighted souls. The example thus set and the success obtained have incited others to do the same.

Another group of resolute and educated women have invaded the district around the great stock yards, a district as vile and forbidding as that wherein Hull House was established. Here they founded the Chicago University Settlement and also a league auxiliary thereto.

The leader of the enterprise is Miss McDowell, and among her fellow-workers are the Misses Farrington, Glover, Weatherlow, Bruin, Munson, Harson, Springer, Dumptke, Otis and Mass, Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. Wallace de Wolfe, Mrs. Charles Mallory and Miss Twitchell. They have grown so rapidly that their accommodations, which seemed at first thrice too large, are now utterly inadequate, and arrangements are being made for another and much larger building. They conduct a library and reading room which are always in use and frequently overcrowded, a woman's club, a gymnasium, baths and a school. In the last named are classes in shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, arithmetic, sewing, darning, knitting, embroidery, cooking, drawing, wood carving, modeling, Latin, German, history and literature.

They have a whittling class and a military company for boys, a needle club for girls, and a reading club for adults.

Their scholars come from a dozen nationalities and range from mere urchins to gray-haired adults. They are beloved by the people in their neighborhood, and are reorganizing society

there in what seems to be the only practical manner possible.

NATIONAL PURITY CONGRESS.

A sign of the times in the past three months has been the success which has attended the conferences of the National Purity Congress, which were held first in Baltimore and thereafter in Boston and New York. While held under the auspices of the American Purity Alliance, they were attended

it is too often believed by the careless, but in many, if not most, cases absolute need, lack of employment, tenement-house homes, the saloon influence and other things which we control.

What could be expected, said one of the speakers, when a family of seven, with ten boarders, herded rather than lived together in three rooms? Other persons called attention to one trade where the wages for women were only \$3 a week and the cheapest boarding



PAULINE DERBY.

by representative members of the National and International Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, the National League for the Promotion of Social Purity, the King's Daughters and Sons, and any number of smaller organizations. The chief actors in the conference have been Mrs. Charlotte Edholm, Aaron Powell, Mrs. Mary Leavitt and Mrs. Isabella C. Davis. Much good of an indirect character has been done in calling public attention to the causes of evil. These are not original sin or natural depravity, as

house charged \$3.50. Ignorance was another cause of evil doing which was underestimated. The practice of sending children to saloons and familiarizing them with such places, and, worse still, the debauched and depraved men and women who frequent them, was very influential in effecting moral reform. It is obvious that the abolition of these ills will greatly diminish social impurity and bring about a better order than now exists. But it is a gigantic undertaking which presents itself to the philanthropist. If launched in the

most generous manner it will take years to produce more than a superficial impression upon the body of so-

ciety. Nevertheless, if a single life be redeemed it is well worth the expenditure of unlimited time and money.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

The bright particular star in the firmament of San Francisco is Miss Eliza D. Keith. Known also by her nom de plume of Di Vernon, who is distinguished alike as a pedagogue, a writer and a patriot, young, handsome and brilliant, she has long been a social favorite in that city. Her ideas have already left their mark upon the school children and the school system of the land. She it was who conceived the idea of the flag salute and the flag drill, and among others taught it in the schools before it caught public notice and was universally adopted. She has written a number of papers and essays upon patriotism and its relations to the individual, the city, the State and the nation, upon the inculcation of patriotism in public school instruction, upon its fostering in the household circle as well as in public life. Upon these lines Miss Keith has toiled faithfully and well for many years.

A knowledge of her endeavors spread from one city to another, and in the course of time made her a notable woman. The highest compliment was paid to her probably this past year, when she was asked to speak upon patriotism before the National Council of Women at their triennial convention in Washington. This was the largest and most important of the entire year, and brought together the leaders of womankind from every State and Territory in the Union, every province in Canada, and from many lands across the ocean. She has also been called upon to speak before other powerful societies, such as the various suffrage organizations, Woman's Christian Temperance Union and similar bodies.

She called attention long ago to one interesting fact, which was that patriotism was as strong in a little girl as in a boy, and that its development was very much the same in both sexes. While as a matter of fact in a boy it

assumes more or less a militant character and in a girl a sympathetic phase, yet on the other hand there is considerable militancy among the girls and much sympathy among the boys. This would indicate that a certain proportion of the boys would make better nurses, attendants, workers and advisers than they would soldiers, and it would also indicate that a large fraction of the girls would make very good soldiers in time of war.

* * *

For six years a delightful stream of *vers de société*, humorous poems, pungent paragraphs, quaint jokes, delicious bits of description and out-of-the-way witticism have appeared in the papers and magazines of this country over the names "Kate Masterson," "Lady Kate" and the sobriquets "Little K.," "Kate," "Kate M." and "K. M." They are all one and the same person, however, and to those who know her represent a tall, dashing and pretty New York girl of about twenty-five. She is of Irish-American ancestry and seems to inherit the proverbial wit of the one and dry humor of the other, and to add to it the poetic talent and womanly sympathy of her own nature. She has a delightful home in uptown New York, which is a headquarters of editors, poets, playwrights, artists, actors and singers. Here she easily reigns as queen and sets the pace by which all must follow. Unlike most gifted people, she is ambitious and energetic to the last degree. In her newspaper and literary work she is here, there and everywhere. She is one day in Chicago, the next in Albany, a third in Boston, and a fourth in New York. She cares little for news, being attracted chiefly by the humorous, quaint or grotesque phases of men and events.

None of her writings have been collected in book form, but are to be

found floating around from paper to paper, some of her best poems having been going the rounds in this fashion for years and are still as popular as when they started. If collected they would make a goodly volume, and one which would deserve a place in the shelves of a library alongside of Eugene Field, John G. Saxe, Munkittrick and Madeline Bridges and other masters of fun making.

In many of the large cities she is very well known to the leading pub-

When asked once of what use were the great deserts of the world she replied, "They were employed as the abiding place of the souls of drunkards, because they were lands of unending thirst." Of a bad politician she remarked, "He uses antiseptics to prevent his being buried by mistake."

* * *

One of the new lights in the national councils of her sex is Mrs. Emma A. Cranmer, of Aberdeen, South Dakota.



KATE MASTERSON.

lishers, to whom she is ever a thing of mystery and merriment. Her humor is constitutional and runs naturally into her conversation, so that in describing sombre and even solemn events she unconsciously gives them turns which makes them inexpressibly funny. She described a lame friend upon one occasion as an iambus, meaning one short foot and one long foot. To a Scotch publisher she said, "He was like his own haggis, very ugly without, but altogether nice within."

A small but well-built body, a refined and pretty face, a clear-cut, musical voice, a quick wit, and a rare ability to take advantage of the events of the moment combine to render her a speaker of remarkable effectiveness.

Susan B. Anthony, the great leader of the suffrage movement among women, once introduced Mrs. Cranmer in the following unique but significant way: "I am going to introduce to you now one of my best and brainiest girls; at least she used to be so, but I rather

suspect that in the last two or three years she has gone far ahead of her master."

Mrs. Cranmer came into prominence when a mere girl by reason of the qualities described. A woman of large sympathies and high moral impulses, she soon took an active part in the various reform movements going on in her district. She rose rapidly and became an officer or a leader in each one, and in the Prohibition cause she became president of the South Dakota Women's Christian Temperance Union. She is also one of the leaders and the chief orator of the South Dakota Woman's Suffrage Association. Her work is very broadly distributed. She writes, lectures, organizes and does an immense amount of executive work. She has a large following in her State and has done much in helping to shape its liberal policy. Already that Commonwealth has a legal code, a penalistic system and an educational policy which put it in the very van of the American Union.

Although of recent formation, the schools of South Dakota are of a high standard and can accommodate not only every child in the State but have room for almost as many more. It has industrial training, so as to fit men not only for the skilled trades but also for farming, stock raising, arboriculture, mining and other invaluable industries.

It has wise and generous laws in regard to homesteads, the age of consent, the status of married women, the welfare and custody of children, the treatment of the insane, the reformation of juvenile offenders, and even the reclamation of outcasts and criminals. In this work Mrs. Cranmer and the noble-minded women who are her associates have labored long and well.

The International Exposition at Atlanta has brought forward into general prominence one of the cleverest daughters of Atlanta, Ga., in the person of Miss Corinne Stocker, one of the editors of the Atlanta *Journal*. Miss Stocker is a slender, sinuous and graceful young woman of twenty-three or twenty-four, with a clear-cut, intellectual face, a studious manner and a very pleasant

address. She entered the *Journal* as a mere society reporter, and worked her way rapidly up to be editor of the woman's department. The paper is one of the most influential in the whole South, and her department is fully on a par with all the rest, and has largely aided them in making the success now enjoyed. During the exposition, when Atlanta was crowded with visitors from every part of the globe, and the strain of conducting a daily journal rose to the highest point, she proved entirely equal to the emergency, and succeeded in publishing every day anywhere from one to four pages of interesting and valuable reading matter respecting woman's interest in the exposition, the city and elsewhere. It was a tremendous task, and kept her busy from twelve to sixteen hours a day.

The result, however, was to call attention to her work and to make her known not only to hundreds of thousands of readers, but also to editors and newspaper critics in every part of the country.

Literary ability among women is not uncommon, neither is a talent for news rare, but it is extremely infrequent that to these traits is added a great administrative ability such as Miss Stocker displayed during the last six months of 1895.

In addition to her professional labors she also took an active part in aiding the woman's department of the exposition, of which she was an honorary member, and in forwarding the women's congresses which were so ably managed by Mrs. Louie M. Gordon.

Miss Stocker is also a pleasing speaker, a graceful versifier, and a woman of wide reading and great general knowledge. She is an excellent type of the New Woman of the New South, and is a worthy citizen of the tireless, ambitious and energetic city of Atlanta.

Atlanta is rich in distinguished women. A very popular poet and littérateur is Mrs. Maude Andrews Ohl, who before her residence in Atlanta was a famous belle of Washington. Beyond her literary career she takes a deep interest in philanthropic

affairs, and long ago aided in starting the movement for the establishment of the State Industrial School of the Commonwealth of Georgia. At that time industrial education had made but little progress in Dixie, and like all unknown things had but few friends. Mrs. Ohl, who had studied the subject thoroughly, embodied the results in articles, essays and other literary forms, and enlisted the sympathy and support of a very large number of friends. She finally won the co-operation of the late Henry W. Grady, editor of that clever newspaper the *Constitution*, who quickly perceived the great economic value of her ideas. His aid brought others and in a short time the movement had obtained enough support to have a bill passed through the Legislature establishing the desired institution. Those who had charge of the matter took advantage, it is said, of Mrs. Ohl's knowledge and suggestions and carried nearly all of them into practical effect. The school secured a Government

building at Millidgeville, and from the first had a career of extraordinary success. It has turned out scores of graduates and has given a useful education to hundreds of young women who are now enjoying its results in independence and self-support.

Beyond the good done directly even more has been accomplished indirectly in both Georgia and other States. Similar institutions have been started at various points, while at the same time classes in industrial and technical studies have been added in institutions whose curricula were theretofore of a purely literary character. Mrs. Ohl made a magnificent record with her connection as chairman of the woman's press committee of the World's Fair and also as a member of the woman's board of managers. She is a handsome woman in appearance and has a soft, sweet voice and cultured, exquisite manners. In her veins flows the best blood of the South and her nature is one of rhyme, music and song.

WORKING WOMEN.

Everything in this world seems to have its price, and the price of a tremendous civilization like our own appears to be the suffering and the despair of hundreds of thousands of toiling men and women.

Every now and then we get glimpses of the awful conditions that prevail in some of the most important trades in the great cities.

Of course it is not wise to take all of such statements without some reserve. Experience teaches us that there are many designing people who exaggerate their own troubles in order to secure financial aid through the sympathy of their hearers, that there are demagogues who would do it to secure official or political preferment, and that there are malicious souls who do it in order to vent their spite upon some one they dislike. When, however, it comes from a source which is not open to these objections it should be received with the fullest credence and respect.

Quite lately, at the meeting of a large religious organization, a short and simple speech was made by Miss Lottie Presky, who is what is known as a button sewer, and who came to the meeting at the request of her friends and fellow workers to tell the wealthy women of the metropolis of the trials and sufferings of a numerous class to which she belonged. Her speech was very interesting, as were also her remarks afterward when she entered into conversation with the women and the representatives of the press. She is a bright-eyed young woman who bears upon her face and especially upon her hands the tell-tale marks of over-long hours, bad ventilation and unremitting labor. At the same time she has not been dragged down by her associations, but has manfully kept up her courage, her ambition and her hopes. She speaks well and clearly and wants nothing for herself and associates but education and a larger opportunity for labor. In speaking of the button sew-

ers she said: "The trade at one time was quite good and paid fair wages, ranging from \$6 to \$12 a week according to the skill of the sewer. Then came the tremendous influx of poor Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Slavonians, Lithuanians, Roumanians and Russian Jews. They were starving to death at home and they came across the sea to seek a living.

"Though miserably poor they are, as a class, honest and upright and are willing to do anything which will enable them to hold body and soul together. About the only thing that most of them could do before they learned English and the to them strange ways of the New World was sewing, and so into sewing nearly half of them went. There was no demand for such a supply of labor and so of course the price fell. Then the sweater came in, only too glad to take advantage of these poor creatures and so make a handsome living himself out of their underpaid labor.

"Thus it came about that the wages dropped and have kept on dropping until to-day they range from two dollars a week upward. In many cases they are nominally much larger, but where this state of facts exists the sweaters have devised a series of fines which cut the wages down to about what is the market rate.

"Thus, for example, fines are levied for such trivial causes as being a half minute late, for talking aloud, for leaving the room without permission, for soiling the selvage of the cloth, for breaking a sewing-machine needle, for turning the head around too frequently, for laughing, singing, whistling or whispering, for leaving the machine a minute too early, for nicking a button, for letting a coat drop on the floor, for looking out of the window when there was a fight in the street, for resenting an affront from some other workman, for resenting blasphemy from an employer, and I do not know how many other insignificant and ridiculous reasons. Then, again, the hours, especially in the sweat shops, are simply killing. In the old days and in a few shops nowadays ten hours

meant a good day's work; even then there were establishments which worked their people eleven and twelve, but under the sweating system fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours a day have been required of button sewers to perform the work allotted to them. While many of the shops are roomy, healthful and comfortable, the majority are small, with low ceilings, poorly lighted and poorly ventilated. The gas burns in them all day. In winter the small stove, kept red hot—that having been found to be the cheapest way of warming an apartment—exhales carbonic acid and carbonic oxide into the air. The workers breathe this; it makes them tired and sleepy and also gives them sick headaches. In either case they work more slowly, and are therefore compelled to devote more time to their tasks.

"A third evil is the disparity in treatment between men and women. For the same work and the same time the women are paid from 15 to 30 per cent. less than the men. In the shops the men receive more consideration from the employer than do the women. In seating the operatives the men get the best seats, those near the windows and right under or around the gas jets, while the women are put in the darkest corners. The average woman makes about four dollars a week during her working time, which is little more than enough to pay her daily necessities. Altogether the button sewer's career is a very poor and seemingly hopeless one."

* * *

An interesting student of the working classes is Miss M. Goetz, the writer and lecturer, whose address on the eight-hour law was one of the most creditable arguments yet presented in favor of that measure. In speaking on the topic she said: "The labor problem is much more difficult than appears upon the surface. Besides political economy it involves physiology. Besides the people in one community, it involves those who may be in a hundred other communities. Thus an action which may seem simple, and whose

results appear to be equally simple, may produce consequences so complicated and profound as to cause a revolution.

"Thus, for example, in political economy it does not make much difference as to whether eight or ten hours shall be a legal day's work on the score of getting the largest possible return for a certain expenditure and thereby lessening the cost of the thing produced. It would rather favor the longest number of hours. Physiology, however, steps in and says that any human being working beyond a certain limit will grow weak, sick and then become a burden upon the community. The teachings of physicians, the studies of statesmen and the experiences of employers agree in putting the limit to labor at between eight and ten hours, while the consensus of the working classes is almost unanimous for eight. At the same time it is obvious that Government must aid in such a matter, because otherwise the eight-hour-a-day country might be underbid and undersold by those where ten and eleven hours were the rule."

The extensive educational work of the Civitas Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., is causing wide comment. It has established a working girl's club at 46 Amity street, which has a wonderfully successful outlook.

Mrs. Edward L. Betts, one of New York State's cleverest club women, is the pioneer in starting the kitchen garden movement for teaching small girls and training them in housework. Under her direction a large number of clubs are being formed for teaching household economics to working women.

The busy women's clubs in Montclair, N. J., are just beginning to take special interest in the industrial position of woman. In this forward rank of thought are the All Around Club, the Isabella Club, the Woman's Town Improvement Association, the Wednesday Afternoon Guild and the Monday Afternoon Club. Leading women in the affair are Mrs. S. W. Cary, Mrs. R. Spaulding, Miss A. de Grolier, Mrs. M. Marshall, Mrs. W. Marcus and Mrs. C. W. Butler.

WHAT NOTED WOMEN SAY ON CURRENT TOPICS.

One of the famous characters of New York's scientific society is Mrs. Mary Scott Rowland, the chemist and inventor. She was one of the first women to take a course in chemistry and was the very first to open a laboratory. In speaking of the progress made of late years by chemistry and dermatology in regard to the human face divine she said: "There has been a peaceful revolution in the toilet and in matters pertaining to health. Did you ever realize that the materials used by our mothers and grandmothers to improve the skin, to clean the teeth, to beautify the hair, and otherwise embellish the exterior of the body are almost entirely forgotten? Chemistry and dermatology have proved too much for them and driven them by degrees out of the great markets of the world.

"Some of those old-fashioned prep-

arations were simply abominable. There were preparations for the face which consisted chiefly of lead or of antimony or other metals. Not alone were the metals injurious, but the form in which they were employed was usually the most injurious form. The dentrifices and dentilaves of the old school were injurious to the teeth and in many instances caused them to decay and even drop out long before middle life. Remedies for the hair were thick, greasy and dirty, they clogged the pores, paralyzed the glands and made the hair turn prematurely gray or else caused it to fall out altogether. In the laboratory records of this country and of Europe there are analyses of hundreds of compounds used by our ancestors each one of which was a deadly poison.

"The system of to-day, or the system recommended by the leaders in science,

is very simple. It is first to keep the skin in good order by lukewarm bathing and moderate exercise. Hot baths and steam baths are of great benefit, especially in the alleviation or removal of wrinkles. Massage is a benefit in every case, whether it be to the limbs or to the face and neck. Inunction, or rubbing with oil, is also of great advantage. A fruit and vegetable diet is the best medicine in the world for skin disorders. For anything more serious a person should consult a specialist, just as they would in regard to a grave physical disorder. In this way it is possible for a woman to preserve unimpaired the beauty of her complexion until very old age."

* * *

A very charming social leader in New York State is Mrs. Ida Trafford Bell. She is an ardent devotee of the bicycle and one of the pioneer wheelwomen of the United States, the other two being, it is said, Dr. Fannie Oakey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mary Sargent Hopkins, editor of the *Wheelwoman*, of Boston, Mass. Mrs. Bell thus comments upon her pet hobby: "The progress of bicycling contains a world of interest to people who observe things carefully. From the first of bicycles, heavy, slow and liable to get out of order, to the latest style of 1896, with aluminum frame, wooden rims and an air-cushion seat, there has been a progress which is almost a revolution. In the old days it was no uncommon thing for a machine to weigh sixty-five and seventy pounds, while in the newest the weight has been reduced to less than ten pounds."

"When to this change be added the improvement in pedals and gearing and bicycle lamps, in ball bearings, in cork handles and dust-proof joints, in pneumatic tires and improved brakes, the result is really amazing. It is greater than the improvements in the sewing machine in forty years or in the locomotive in twenty. It hardly seems possible to improve upon the present pattern, but even this I presume will be done, not once, but a dozen times before the year is out. The second point is the popularity of the machine,

which seems to grow daily. It is very difficult to tell how many machines there are in use. We know in a rough way about how many are made in America, England, France, Belgium, Scandinavia and Germany. This does not give us much definite information, because there is a steady stream of wheels being exported to every country of the civilized globe. "The bicycle you see to day on Broadway or Michigan avenue may be in Mexico before a month is over, in Rio de Janeiro in two months, in South Africa or New South Wales in three. Thus far over 5,000,000 bicycles have been made in the countries mentioned, of which it is fair to suppose nine-tenths to be still in use. There are now being turned out more than a million a year, and yet the demand seems to keep on unabated. At the present rate, in ten years more every man, woman and child in the civilized world will be traveling on the wheel. Best of all, the medical faculty, after much hesitation, has come out in practical unanimity in favor of the exercise."

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One of the recent acquisitions to the American lecture field is Miss Louise Stevens, who has spent much of her life in Venezuela and other lands in the north of South America. She has enjoyed a European college education and is an accomplished writer and speaker. So excellent is her work that she is regularly engaged to lecture before the public schools and other educational institutions of New York and Brooklyn. Her opinion of the high value of the lands on the other side of the Gulf of Mexico will appear in her remarks:

"It seems strange that Americans will brave a long, expensive and often stormy trip across the Atlantic to Europe year after year, when in a couple of days they can run from New Orleans and other Gulf ports to Colombia, Venezuela, Guiana or Brazil.

"Although they are so near our own these countries are almost unknown to the American public. There is no reason why this should be so, and there is every reason why it should not be so.

They possess a marvelous beauty and variety of scenery; they have every variety of pleasant climate, ranging from tropical heat on the lowlands to balmy and invigorating atmosphere on the mountain tops. There is hardly a climate, from that of Maine to the Florida Everglades, but what can be duplicated in Venezuela and Colombia. The food supply is endless, while there are more varieties of fruits and vegetables than in the most fertile districts of our own territory. There are mines and forests, fields and quarries, and every kind of human activity. Pleasantest of all are the people, who are of almost pure-blooded Spanish descent. In these two lands the colored population is small, and what there is of it is of the Carib and Indian type, and but little of the African. The people are exquisitely polite, well dressed, artistic and entertaining.

"They are hospitable to the last degree, and they take life as easy as any old German philosopher. The cities are more like those of France than of the United States. There are numerous cafés and almost no saloons. There is music, instrumental and vocal; everywhere there is dancing; there are charming stores, clean and comfortable hotels, libraries, art galleries, noble old churches, railways, street cars, river and coasting steamers, telephones and telegraphs, and in fact every feature of our own composite civilization. The men are fine looking and many of the women extremely beautiful."

One of the leading literary characters of New York city is Miss Cynthia Westover. She is one of the editors of the New York *Recorder*, a contributor to the leading magazines, a popular lecturer and a student of *safe* ability and accomplishments. She is an active member in many clubs and other organizations, and a strong believer in the broadening of woman's daily life. Her views are well worth recording:

"The trouble in daily life is that after a woman has been graduated from college, and especially after she is married, she is apt to be so far immersed in domestic cares and respon-

sibilities that she has not enough time to keep up her reading and studies, and sometimes not enough to attend properly to her own household work. In this way she falls behind and is apt to degenerate into a mere drudge. Beyond this in most instances where she has a leisure hour or two she is too tired to apply the time for her own benefit.

"Here is where women's clubs are of the greatest benefit. When a person is too tired to read she is not too tired to listen, and listening to bright people is one of the best methods of improving one's self. A tired housewife, instead of taking a slow and solitary walk, can go round to her club and hear an interesting lecture or address, take part in some pleasant discussion, get some new book that is just issued from the press, and go home feeling reinvigorated by the experience. Where, for example, the afternoon's programme has been of a domestic character, where it has related to the decoration of the parlor, the renovation of furniture, the care of children, first aid to the injured, the chemistry of the kitchen, the science of cooking, the discussion of new food preparations, the problem of dress reform, debates upon hygienic and sanitary science, she is receiving an education which increases her fitness and her happiness for everyday life.

"Besides this a club saves an immense amount of time making and receiving calls. Attending one session a week and meeting fifty or sixty friends who are upon one's calling list is equal to calling upon them separately and in person. The mere saving in time in this matter would pay a woman a thousand times over for belonging to a club. More important still, a woman's club provides for her progress socially, musically, intellectually, or in whatever direction she wishes to direct her growth. It brings her into contact with those whom she desires to know and must know in order to get ahead in the path which she has marked out for herself. In this manner a woman can make more real progress through the instrumentality of her club than she can by working single-

handed. Men have long known and acted upon this principle. One of them wittily defined a club as being a something which enabled a hundred nobodies to be a large collection of somebodies. Last of all, a club is an economy. Its expense is insignificant ; it gives you a place where you can enjoy yourself and where you can give enjoyment to others at a tenth of a cost in time that it would take without any club at all. For women who live in small houses and who have large lists of acquaintances the advantages of such an institution cannot be overestimated."

One of those noble women whose lives are chiefly passed in doing good is Mrs. St. John Gaffney, of New York. She is an officer or leading member of a number of organizations, political, educational, moral and philanthropic, and has built up a reputation for ability and benevolence in the great metropolis second to none. Her views are very broad and liberal and express careful study and varied experience.

"What is needed," she says, "is education and, second, is not to get people to be educated, but is to get people who will teach. Human nature of all sorts and conditions wants to be better and to grow better ; it wants to know more and to be more ; it wants to be higher, broader, nobler and purer than it is. There are thousands of philanthropists who desire to do good, but who go at it the wrong way. Indiscriminate almsgiving, for example, does much more evil than good. The mere establishment of schools will do but little good unless behind the school there is an organized body of good men and women

to go forth and gather in the waifs and strays for whom that school is intended. In educating women in regard to suffrage, political science, municipal history, civics and similar topics, there is no difficulty in getting one, two or three women who desire to study upon these themes. If, after they have secured this, you will devote a year or two of your time in instructing them or in supervising their progress, at the end of the time the scholars will equal if they do not surpass their teacher.

"For that reason the chief need of our time is more education. The world is growing so fast that people must know more than ever to keep up with it. Thus to our public schools, admirable as they were twenty years ago, should now be added kindergartens at one end and industrial and technical classes at the other.

"In our homes and asylums there must be a breaking up of large bodies of children and the substitution of a system of small groups. For the unceasing army of immigration there must be had new educational laws and new educational facilities. The old playground of the school needs to be multiplied by ten, so that the children in the populous districts can have a chance to use their muscles and develop them as nature intends. Play in itself is an education without which it is difficult for children to be strong and healthy. The age has become an industrial age, and industrial education is now an absolute need for both men and women. It is in this way that we can fight the allied forces of ignorance, drunkenness, poverty and vice, and bring about a much nobler condition of humanity and a higher civilization."

SUGGESTIONS ON COOKERY.

Probably there is as much progress in culinary art to-day as in every other field of human activity. The famous New York Society of Teachers of Cookery, of which Professor Cornelia C. Bedford is the esteemed president, has had much to do in the matter, and beyond it the schools and colleges

in which the members of the society are interested, or in which other able women serve as instructors, are doing much every day for the development of accurate knowledge in regard to everything pertaining to the table.

In fact, it may be said that culinary art is fast becoming culinary science.

It was illustrated at the recent international exposition at Atlanta, where over 200 new and valuable food preparations were shown for the first time.

Among the many suggestions coming from the teachers' society and from the exposition the following are worthy of being entered in a note book :

To utilize coffee thoroughly it should be ground as fine as possible. Coarsely ground coffee is two-thirds waste. The best results in making coffee are secured by covering the pulverized coffee with cold water and letting it soak over night before using in the morning. No aroma is lost and no tannin is extracted by the cold water.

On the other hand, the dried cells are slowly opened and swollen, the delicious oil is separated from the fibre, and the other soluble ingredients are half dissolved. The addition of the boiling water the next morning abstracts all the elements desired and leaves nothing of value in the grounds. Treated in this manner one pound of coffee will produce two to four times as much of the beverage as the bean prepared in the usual manner.

Professor Bedford has made a very valuable suggestion which has received the approval of the medical authorities. She says that nearly all the cereals can be roasted like the coffee grain, then broken and used for making a beverage which will resemble coffee so closely as to be scarcely distinguishable from it, but which will be far more nutritious and beneficial to the system. Different cereals have slightly different flavors when treated in this manner and slightly different results.

Rye, which was used in war days as a substitute for coffee, produces the strongest flavored infusion and rice the mildest. The rice coffee is very grateful to the stomach and is of considerable value in many cases of enteric disorder.

Thomas J. Murrey, the proprietor of the Congressional restaurant and probably the greatest chef in this country, recommends the use of green salads in the winter and above all in March and

April, not only on account of their food value, but also of their great medicinal virtues. He calls attention to our neglect of many very delicious leaves in confining ourselves to lettuce and celery. The chicory, endive, salify, dandelion, watercress, beet top and nasturtium leaves and other vegetable growths make very palatable and nourishing salads. They can be dressed the same way as lettuce, with either plain dressing or mayonnaise, or, following the suggestions of the German experts, may be improved by the addition of a small amount of chopped cold meat.

* * *

In regard to culinary tools the Atlanta Exposition showed that the women of the country had come forward and invented quite a number. A woman in Arkansas (colored) it is said has invented a simple and efficient mechanism for stoning raisins. Beside her invention there is a new one in France on the market which does its work splendidly but is a trifle expensive. A bright little New Orleans woman, Mrs. E. C. Hoyle, has invented a cake, dough and batter mixer, which does its work so cleanly that it might be performed in a drawing room. She also has invented a very simple but ingenious appliance for frying and poaching eggs. Mrs. A. J. Hombel, of Chicago, has created a very simple and powerful beater. Mrs. S. J. Logan, of Morgansville, Ky., is the mother of a new style of spoon which is a godsend to every housekeeper. Mrs. Alice Loomis, of Atlanta, has devised a new and simple form of teakettle, which boils rapidly and keeps its heat for a long time. Mrs. S. B. Towns, of Atlanta, has designed a baking pan which confines the heat and at the same time minimizes the chances of burning. In aluminum ware, which is one-fifth the weight and several times the strength of iron, there has been a complete revolution in the kitchen in the past twelvemonth.

* * *

The late war between China and Japan, in calling the attention of the civilized world to the far East, brought

into notice many of their dishes and their styles or schools of cooking. These show at a glance that we have much to learn from the patient people of the Orient. Life and labor over there are so cheap that they could literally live, and live well, upon what we throw away. At the same time they have a desire like our own to make food palatable and attractive, and in this way they prepare very dainty dishes at a cost so small as to be ridiculous. Many of their dishes are so foreign that they would not appeal to the average American, but many others are just as toothsome as anything we have ourselves. Many of these can be heartily recommended. Thus, for example, the feet of chicken, ducks, geese and turkeys are almost invariably thrown away in the American household. The Oriental regards this as a wicked waste of the best part of the bird. He washes the feet, scalds them and then removes the hard outer skin, which comes off exactly as a glove.

He uses the residue as it is, or else opens it with a sharp knife and extracts the small bones corresponding to our fingers. What remains is a soft and delicious cartilage, very nourishing and very digestible. It is of the same class of food as the cartilage of pigs' feet or the jelly in calves' feet, but is ten times more delicate and dainty. It can be stewed, fried, broiled, or used as an ingredient in made dishes.

Still another way of treating it is to fry it, drain it, sprinkle it with pulverized sugar and some warm spice, such as ginger, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg or mace, or with a combination of these spices, and use it as a dessert.

The beauty of all these dishes is that the cartilage is free from grease or any hard tissue, and can be relished by the weakest or most contrary stomach. Long stewing or boiling converts it into a jelly, and with a larger amount of water into the basis of a very pleasant and nourishing soup. A common soup in Canton is made out of the chicken-foot jelly, to which are added chopped celery, little green peas, a few

mushrooms, and one or two hard-boiled pigeon eggs to each plate of soup.

Another Eastern style of treating food which again is coming into vogue is curry. For most housewives this term is a dark and deep mystery. Yet, as a matter of fact, nothing could be simpler. Curry means a grater. It is the plate of hard sandstone on which the Eastern cook rubs his fresh spices to powder before using them on the food. A curry therefore is any dish in which the chief flavor or flavors come from the fresh tropical spices of Asia. With most of these we are familiar. In our kitchens we employ ginger, clove, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, bay, parsley, mint and laurel, the same as does the Orient. In a few households they use gentian leaf, horse sorrel, fenugreek, anise seed, caraway seed, lemon leaf, lemon peel, peach kernels and cherry kernels. We like exceedingly, but we confine them to the pharmacy and confectionery, cassia buds, cardamom seeds, poppy seeds, sesame seeds, slippery elm, turmeric and coriander. These are what the cook in the East uses every day and buys fresh every morning in the market.

As the seasons change so do the spices, and thus the curries are always changing and always different. Besides this, every person likes some flavors and dislikes others. According to these preferences or prejudices is the curry powder prepared. Anyone can do the same here. The easiest way is to take a bottle or jar of curry powder, such as is put up or imported by our first-class grocers, and add to the contents those spices freshly ground which are the most popular in the household. In this manner a standard mixture would soon be obtained. Still better would it be to keep on hand curry powder and a good supply of fresh spices, and make different mixtures for each occasion. The addition of curry powder to a thin soup makes the famous "mulligatawny," although a chicken soup is generally employed for the purpose in this country.

Any insipid soup is vastly improved by being curried, as are also the simple

vegetable soups used by the peasantry of Europe. The curry sauce served with meats, either hot or cold, is made from butter, grated young cocoanut, rice flour and cocoanut milk, and flavored with the curry powders. It should be thick, smooth and velvety. A dry curried roast is a bird or piece of meat stuffed with a curried stuffing. It is a favorite way of cooking squabs, small birds and other minor varieties of game. Still different a way is to serve the roast bird on a bed of boiled rice which has been curried in the boiling. A wet curried roast is a new name for our old friend a pot roast, or braise, plus curry powder in the gravy extracted by the heat of the pot.

Many vegetables are curried, but only those which are flat and tasteless should be so treated. On delicate esculents, such as little green peas, artichokes, asparagus, sweet corn and young string beans, curry would be a

crime. It goes well with potatoes, rice, breadfruit, egg plant, yam and white turnips. Curried stewed fruits are well known and popular under the title of spiced chutney. Curry cakes and curry snaps are made like gingerbread and ginger snaps, substituting curry powder for the powdered ginger.

A simple but very delicious dish is a curry of oysters. Put two ounces of butter in a pan and when melted add a cup of milk and salt to taste. Thicken with a teaspoonful of flour (rice flour if possible) and add one teaspoonful curry powder. When well cooked put in a dozen oysters and let simmer five minutes. Cold boiled lobster treated in the same manner is a most appetizing dish. So are Florida prawns, white-bait and scallops. For people accustomed to hot seasoning, a little white pepper or cayenne or, better still, paprika may be added.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

We advance more swiftly and in more ways than we are apt to notice. An eminent physician, in speaking of the progress of medicine, said: "When I studied medicine things were very different from what they are to-day. A child sick with any infantile complaint, such as measles, scarlatina, croup, chicken-pox or whooping cough, was kept in an almost air-tight, dark and hot room; was smothered with bed clothes, limited to a low diet, and when thirsty was drenched with weak tea, cat-nip tea and other disagreeable beverages. It was in misery, physical, moral and mental, from the beginning of the attack until almost the moment it was declared cured. It was not allowed to talk nor to hear talking, to sit up or be propped up, to read, look at flowers, pictures or illustrated publications. It is little wonder that children had so hard a time in overcoming disease.

"To-day it is nearly the opposite. The bed and room are kept warm, but not hot. Fine soft woolen and canton flannel blankets replace the cold linen or muslin sheets. Draughts are avoided,

but ventilation and lots of it insisted upon. When the little sufferer tires of one position, he is aided to try another, so as to rest his weak muscles. One good blanket protects him from quick changes in temperature and does not weigh him down. The room should be kept so as to please the little inmate. If he wants it light, half light or dark, it is done. His feelings determine the question, and no ironclad rule. Fruits and flowers add beauty to the table. He can read if he desires. So, if he wishes it, he may hear songs, stories, musical instruments. He may be visited by his favorite cat or dog, and the visit does him good. He is allowed more drinks than a well child. Pasteurized milk, milk and water, buttermilk, soda-water, ginger ale, orangeade, lemonade, liquorice water, so dear to boyhood's heart, and above all fruit juices sweetened and diluted, are but a part of the list from which he chooses. He has lots of pillows and cushions on his bed, so as to allow him to take any pose that rests him. He is happy as can be

and he recovers from any minor ailment with astonishing rapidity."

Kindergartens teach grown folks as well as little ones. Since Froebel started his immortal system we have learned more about children than ever before. The cautious parent, who formerly forbade his boys to whittle, carve and saw, will now buy them the necessary tools and teach the young idea how to shoot. Instruct the child how to make something, and he will make it many times and then attempt to improve upon it. The juvenile mind delights in games as much as does the adult.

Tit-tat-too, fox and geese, checkers, maurice and backgammon, which were threatened with death by narrow-minded utilitarianism, have been restored to their former prestige by the kindergarten. There are games in colors, games in straws or lengths, in blocks and cards or forms, which bring out unsuspected powers of the eye and brain of youngsters. Children who have played these games a year can distinguish different shades twice as quickly and accurately as expert shopkeepers.

The gregarious instinct is stronger in childhood than in maturity. Its gratification gives healthful pleasure. This is why children will go miles to play, dance and make merry. It is also why they learn so rapidly to march, drill, sing in chorus, recite in concert and perform calisthenics. All of these things means learning, but really it is harnessing a natural instinct. This flocking together is between limits. The best results are accomplished when the number is between ten and fifteen to a teacher.

With larger figures progress becomes slower. Fear is not an incentive to action or exertion, except to run away. It takes energy away from all the other functions to supply locomotor muscles. A still deeper fear causes collapse and insensibility. Affection, the love of praise, imitation and rivalry are the qualities which make children study and improve. In this way the kindergarten is putting the rod, the cane, ferule, rattan and birch com-

pletely out of joint. They have had their day, and the world is at last beginning to outgrow them.

The inventor and discoverer have entered the nursery and playground and are now reaping a golden harvest from toys, dolls and games. The versatility and ingenuity displayed are at times truly wonderful. In religious toys, for example, the childhood of twenty years ago was content to have a Noah's Ark with its "anumiles walking in two by two." Nowadays there are twenty. Mrs. Colton has invented a ladder which gives an epitome of Jewish history and a dissected cross which conveys any number of New Testament lessons. "Progress to the Promised Land" is a game in which every player must move along a track, drawn and named so as to give the march of the Israelites from the Pyramids across the Egyptian wastes, the Red Sea and the Arabian wilderness into the Promised Land. St. Paul's travels make an interesting game which gives a good notion of biblical geography. A German toy theatre is a miniature of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. New building blocks construct King Solomon's temple at Jerusalem.

Electrical toys are coming into vogue. There are tiny incandescent bulbs for doll's houses, diminutive fans and motors of one mouse-power; an electric car, a foot long, which will run fifteen minutes; an electric boat which will go a half mile, and a pocket dynamo which will drive a sewing machine. There are toy telephones, good enough for household use in place of speaking tubes, phonographic dolls, clocks, animals, theatres and orchestras. There are electric figures which when the current is turned on will roll their eyes, nod the head, wave the hands and arms and dance in an utterly hopeless and ludicrous fashion. There are toy batteries, coils, circuits and dynamos, which will instruct a bright boy or girl better than any book or teacher.

It looks very much as if the old-fashioned toys were doomed to vanish. There are still woolly dogs and sheep,

but the dogs bark and the sheep bleat, and both do things which self-respecting toys of long ago would never dream of attempting. And then it must be added that the new creations are handsomer, stronger and more durable than their predecessors.

* * *
The photograph displayed is of Mrs.

Geo. Derby and her beautiful little daughter Pauline.

Mrs. Derby is one of the brightest women in Bangor, Me., and is of the English Spencer stock. She believes in bringing children up in the kindergarten plan, and is of the opinion that "as are the children of a nation, so shall its citizens be."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The lily, in the light impeared,
The smallest rose, where'er it grew,
Has ever come to bless the world,
And brighten it with scent and hue.

And though thine be the humblest sphere,
"Twas God himself who thought of you
And in His wisdom placed you here
A part in life to nobly do.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



IN THE AFTERGLOW.

IT was a day in the latter part of September, not cold, yet tinged with a bracing sharpness that was as exhilarating as champagne. The atmosphere had the crystal clearness of plate glass and distant objects stood out sharply defined against a deep-blue sky.

It was a day to make old hearts feel young; bent forms and tired shoulders to straighten, and weary feet to walk—at least for a time—with the vigor and impulse of youth.

Hester Bowditch felt the inspiration of the day. Life, the mere physical fact of living, seemed once more a glorious gift not to be lightly valued or despised. She felt as if she wanted to take the beauty of the morning and her keen enjoyment of it to her heart and hoard both with miserly care, fearing that they were transient, and would not, could not, last.

All summer she had worked and waited. April, with its first faint suggestions of spring, had brought vague hopes to her that had budded with May's blossoms into definite plans for a few weeks' stay at the White City that was growing swiftly day by day beside the blue rim of Lake Michigan. Through July's heat and August's sultry days she had toiled on, cheered and sustained by the thought of the reward she had promised herself. And when at last she found herself, Official Guide Book—that indispensable Baedeker of the Fair—in hand, standing in a dazed rapture on the bridge just in front of the Golden Doorway of the Transportation Building, gazing down a vista formed by marble white palaces and quiet blue lagoons, she felt again the joy and enthusiasm of her lost girlhood.

Life in the past might have been hard, very hard, and the days have been mostly dingy gray ones, but only a happy woman living happy hours should be her life at the Fair.

"I'm real sorry to disturb you, but will you be so good as to direct me to the Massachusetts Building?" chirruped a voice at her elbow.

Hester turned her gray eyes, which seemed to have absorbed some of the beauty they had been feasting upon, and saw beside her a tiny figure in black, with a small black bonnet resting slightly askew on the white hair, and a look of childlike unconcern and confidence on the placid old face.

She smiled down into the keen blue eyes, the smile that made people like and trust Hester Bowditch always, and answered in her pleasant, even tones:

"I am a stranger myself, madam, and have scarcely found my 'bearings' as yet, but there goes a guard whom I will ask," and she walked rapidly up to a gray-coated autocrat, who was striding haughtily past with the wooden grace of a marionette.

She came back from the brief interview looking somewhat puzzled and dubious. "He says, 'go west past the Mines and the Electrical buildings, over the bridge of the North Canal, through the Manufactures Building, then strike the Lake Shore walk and follow it north as far as the French Building. Then turn east down Main avenue and Massachusetts is third on the line.'" She repeated it slowly and carefully like a child learning a lesson.

Her companion's face lengthened with a droll look of dismay and amazement. "For the land's sake! Have I come all that way without knowing it? I'll never be able to get back there in this world, never, unless I kidnap that boy in the gray trousers and make him lead the way."

"If you don't mind," returned Hester kindly, "I'll walk along with you, and I dare say that together we can find the path quite easily."

The old lady beamed. "Now that's real good of you," she answered gratefully, "and I'll be glad enough if you

will. John said that I wasn't to go 'round any, but just rest quietly till he came back. But, gracious ! I couldn't stand just sitting and wasting so much time, and I thought I might as well try a little sightseeing on my own account. And I've got on most beautifully till it came to going back, and then I *did* get kinder mixed up. I guess now I couldn't tell an exit from an entrance," and she laughed whimsically.

It was strange how two people as dissimilar as Hester Bowditch and Miss Theodosia Hunt could become so warmly attached to each other as they were at the end of their half hour's walk. If Hester was quiet and rather reserved, her companion was candor itself and rattled away like a merry old weathercock. Under her sunny influence Hester expanded in a way surprising to herself, and by the time they reached the comfortable-looking Hancock mansion the two were fast friends.

As she helped the elder lady mount the granite steps that led up to the wide front entrance, a gentleman came out of the Colonial doorway and hastened up to the returning renegade.

"Well, Aunt Teddy, where under the canopy have you been? I've looked for you everywhere in the building and I was just starting in desperation for the bureau to see if any strayed aunt had been handed in."

"Now, John, you stop your nonsense and help me down these steps. 'Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know young folks to be so.' I just went for a short walk and got—well, a little turned about I guess, but I fell in with the Good Samaritan and she helped me find my way back. My dear, this is my nephew John, who is pretending to show me the Fair. And now, my Good Samaritan, I want you to be my 'company' for the rest of the day. I shan't listen to excuses and I can't take 'no' for an answer," she finished breathlessly, as Hester, taken unawares, was stammering a protest.

The man opposite to her smiled and lifted his hat. He was a man nearing middle age, forty-three or four perhaps, with an erect and well-built figure, dressed well, though not too carefully,

in a rough tweed suit. His face was browned by evident exposure to sun and air, and his well-shaped mouth and chin were partly hidden by a brown mustache and short beard. The eyes, too, were brown, and in their keen and rapid glance they took in all the details of the figure before him.

It was one of medium height, neither plump nor yet too thin, dressed neatly in a dark, serviceable, cloth walking gown. The face was thoughtful and intelligent rather than beautiful, and the gray eyes were frank and steadfast. The dark hair was parted over the broad, white forehead, and waved simply back to the soft coil that just showed beneath the brim of the brown straw walking hat.

The walk had brought a faint pink color to the usually pale cheeks, happiness brightened the gray eyes and chased away their shadows, and altogether one would find it hard to believe that Hester Bowditch had crossed the line that separates youth from the borderland beyond, and was now journeying in that vague and misty territory.

Between the two, like an abbreviated hyphen, Miss Theodosia Hunt walked serenely down the broad mall. She was extremely pleased with the course of events and fairly bubbled over with "projects, plans and airy schemes."

"First of all we'll go and lunch together at the Woman's Café. It's one of the best places on the grounds to get meals," turning to Hester, "and I ought to know, for John's dragged me to all the rest, tea houses, German restaurants and all, and a heathenish lot they are, to be sure! Then, John, if you want to go prowling 'round your everlasting Mines and Mining Building you can do so to your heart's content, for now I've got some one who knows how to appreciate good things a sight better'n you do. We'll spend the afternoon there at the Woman's Building—that is, if you like," bobbing her head to Hester, "and when you get through mining, John, you can find us right there as easy as two pins in a haystack," she finished with a good-natured little laugh.

The day's programme proved to be

the precursor of many others, for the sprightly little old lady took a deep liking that was not a passing fancy to the quiet, helpful younger woman who entered into the sightseeing with an ardor and enthusiasm that rivaled her own ; a companion who relieved her anxieties, doubled her pleasures, and while constantly aiding with ready information whenever it was required, never wearied the dear old soul by pedantic instruction.

To Hester the finding of this warm-hearted, generous, genial friend was a stroke of good fortune which was a better appreciated, perhaps because so unexpected. A lonely life that starves for human sympathy and affection knows how to value the blessing of a strong, warm friendship, and in her love for Miss Hunt there was also an element of protection which is often felt by the stronger character for the weaker one.

The keen-eyed nephew spent most of his time in the Mining Building, and it was not long before Hester learned that he was making a study of certain mining processes connected with his work in a distant Montana town. He usually lunched with the two women and spent all or a portion of the afternoon with them. Together they would study the great canvases and glorious sculptures and bronzes representing the different schools of art of all the civilized world, gathered together in one vast exposition under the great roof of the Palace of Fine Arts. Or, on rest and recreation bent, they would venture recklessly forth in a puffing, bustling little steam launch upon the treacherous blue waters of the lake ; or they would float down the sleepy, slow-flowing canals, propelled softly and smoothly forward by a brown and brawny son of Italy. Again they would visit some interesting side feature, the ruins of Yucatan, the cliff-dwellers, or the Eskimo settlement, where they watched the stolid Huskies cracking their long black "snake" whips in calm but earnest competition over the upturned coin ; and they laughed in amusement as the phlegmatic winner pocketed the piece with

the brief but appreciative remark : "Moónee !"

Often they would follow Aunt Teddy's suggestion and "go abroad," as she called their visits to the Midway Plaisance. In Cairo's street a little black-eyed, brown-faced donkey boy quite won her heart with his shrill cry, "Clear way fur Yanka Doodoo ; bes' donka in Cairo ; yes, sir ! Clear way, clear way !"

Dear, dirty, sturdy little Achmet ! Over there in your beloved Cairo, where you carried back your silver harvest of American dollars when the Fair was over, among your varied recollections did you take the memory of a sweet-faced little old lady, who questioned you in a low, gentle voice about the missions of your native city, and urged you to attend them ?

What glorious times the three comrades had during those long bright September days ! Even Hester forgot her years, which, to be sure, were not numerous enough to be troublesome as yet, and was happy as a girl among these strange foreign surroundings, with the queerly attired, swarthy faced natives moving about in the motley throng, adding their grotesque cries to the din ; and over all the scent of sandalwood and the penetrating sweet-ness of attar of rose.

The big, brown-whiskered nephew was like a schoolboy off on a holiday on these occasions, and added no little to the zest and fun. Sometimes Miss Hunt and Hester remonstrated ; more times they joined in his larks, to the extent, at least, of countenancing and enjoying them.

To Hester these were, indeed, happy, halcyon days, and Jackson Park became to her a veritable lotus land. These new-found friends — were they friends for the few weeks only ? Miss Hunt had appealed to her in more ways than one since that first interview, and John Hunt — well, somehow they had not seemed quite strangers in the beginning, and day by day each had been growing unconsciously nearer the real self of the other. Sometimes Hester would start suddenly at some quick, characteristic gesture of her

companion, a motion that would vaguely pain and puzzle her. As the days went by he spent less and less time by himself and devoted himself more to the two women. Hester sometimes wondered why he never spoke of his wife, but with her natural delicacy and reserve she did not ask the reason of Miss Hunt, who never alluded to the subject herself. That he was married she knew, as both Aunt Teddy and he himself referred casually at times to his little boy Tom. That he was not a widower she also knew for a certainty from a chance remark that he had dropped in a joking way one day.

Oftentimes it happened that Miss Hunt stayed at her hotel to rest and recuperate, and on these occasions she insisted that the plans so carefully made in advance be carried out by John and Hester, and no doubts as to the propriety of the course assailed the latter's unconventional mind.

She never thought to ask herself what it was that gave such zest to these days of endless sightseeing. It was such an infinite luxury to have some one to arrange and plan everything with such kindly foresight and thoughtfulness. The interchange of ideas, discussions and argument, even jokes and badinage, were a continual inspiration with this clear-headed, well-read man. Under his genial and sympathetic comradeship Hester unfolded in a manner that would have bewildered those who had called her cold, plain and uninteresting.

Long ago this quiet, self-contained woman had had a glimpse of happiness, but just as the dawn of love had touched her heart clouds, "no bigger than a man's hand," had veiled the golden sunshine, then spread into a heavy, sombre curtain that covered her whole sky. And then the wretchedness of the long, gray hours advancing from the unknown years in a grim, merciless host! It was well that she was strong and in her work she found the solace and oblivion that occupation brings; the years, too, brought her the balm that time alone gives to the suffering children of earth.

And now she must be going back

again to her solitary, joyless life. Back to the dreary New Hampshire village, with its monotonous round of life, narrow as its stony, weed-grown streets, and sluggish as the stream of muddy water that wound its slow way down from the tanning mills at the upper village. As she stood leaning over the parapet of the bridge a picture of the dingy office, with its bare walls and squalid interior, where she drudged six weary days out of the seven, rose vividly before her mental vision. Her long, bright holiday was over, and tonight, when she passed through the gate of the Sixty-first street entrance, the wooden turnstile would click for her a brief but sad farewell. It was the middle of October, but warmer than the September morning three weeks before when she had stood upon this very spot lost in rapture over her first view of the Fair. Then it was morning, with the long day all before; now it was evening and the day was done. Although it was not cold, she shivered.

A footstep sounded close beside, and she started as she heard a well-known tenor voice saying in a tone of relief: "Ah! here you are! I was hoping I should find you soon. Business meetings in vacation are an unmitigated bore and I've cut this one as short as I decently could. However, I've lost the afternoon, and the reflection doesn't make me feel cheerful. Are you really going back East to-morrow?" he continued, ruefully, taking off his hat and running his fingers through the thick brown hair that was kept carefully cropped, but which showed no bare spot as yet.

"Really and truly," she answered lightly. "I've had three good long weeks of play time and I must now be going back to my work."

He said nothing for several minutes but stood beside her quietly watching the Venetian scene, over which a haze, delicate as a silver cobweb, hung almost imperceptible. When he spoke again it was only to remark upon the beauty of the place and hour. "There is one thing more that you have not seen that you should," he added; "that is the afterglow from Wooded Island. I

watched it from there one night last June and it was beautiful beyond words. I know you would regret missing it and this is just the time to see it. Will you go?"

"Yes, by all means," she answered, readily. "There must be no regrets to mar my recollections of the Fair."

The sun had already dropped down behind the great buildings when they crossed the bridge that led from the mainland. Following the gracefully curving paths that circled the island, they skirted its southern extremity, passed the rose garden, whose fragrance was wafted out to them on the sweet, warm air; then, turning north-easterly, they reached the spot that Hunt had spoken of. It was a nook almost upon the water's edge, somewhat removed from the path, where a clump of shrubby rhododendron sheltered the seat that stood under a rather scraggly specimen of purple beech.

Here an unobstructed view could be had across the lagoon and through the open space between the Government Building and the Liberal Arts Building out to the rippling waters of Lake Michigan, where the great glowing disk was just sinking down beyond the line of the horizon, leaving a burnished trail upon the waters. But as if in compensation for the loss a glory of gold and crimson spread over the western heavens, glowing into a molten splendor, then gradually merging into tenderer colors, which after a time melted almost imperceptibly into the pearl and azure of the sky. But as they watched a faint pink glow crept over the gray expanse, deepening into rose and opal and amethyst. Slowly, lingeringly, the afterglow faded into yet softer shades, while above and below the blue of sky and water deepened into indigo.

"Isn't it heavenly?" she said at last, softly but intensely. "Nature never seems to make mistakes, as we poor mortals are so prone to do."

"Miss Bowditch," said the man, looking at her steadily, "forgive the question—you speak of mistakes—have you also made them in your life?"

"Mistakes? Yes," she answered a

little sadly, "plenty of them no doubt; but the hardest of all to bear is the thought that possibly the sacrifice I made years ago for the sake of another was only a tremendous mistake after all. Perhaps we see things differently at thirty-four than we do at twenty-one, or perhaps we lose the courage of our convictions as we grow older."

"But mistakes that affect only our own lives are not the hardest to bear," he remarked tentatively.

"Ah, that is my comfort!" she cried, with a little note of gladness in her voice. "Don't you understand? It was all for the advantage of one whose welfare was dearer to me than my own happiness."

"And the 'other one'?" he asked abruptly, bending to pick up the bronzed leaf that had fallen at his feet from the almost denuded branches above.

"Is doubtless living a full, happy, prosperous life. It is what I hoped and wished," she answered quietly.

He drew her gently down to the seat beneath the scraggly beech. "Hester, dear little woman, how little you really know about it after all! All my advantage! Did you suppose my sore heart and broken faith in all woman-kind counted for nothing, then? What do you suppose Uncle John's favor and thousands were compared to the love that you took back so coldly and cruelly? Why, you took the very heart out of my life and work for a very considerable period!"

He reached forward to take her hand in his. She had shrunk back upon the wooden seat, and in the gathering dusk her face looked white and almost terror-stricken.

At last she cried brokenly: "But why—oh, I cannot understand! You are John Hunt—"

"Hammond," he finished, interrupting her. "The Hunt was part of the legacy that Uncle John left me. Can't you recognize me after all these days of comradeship? To tell you the truth," he continued, "I never intended screening my identity behind an assumed name. Aunt Teddy's slipshod introduction led you astray, and when I found that the Good Samaritan was the

woman I had loved and lost thirteen years ago, I couldn't resist the temptation to let things take their own course. There is a destiny that shapes our ends, you know. Hester, will you make me reparation for the years we've lost, dear?"

But she drew herself away from him almost roughly. "How dare you speak like this," she cried, indignantly, "Have you forgotten Tom, your son, and—your wife?"

To her complete amazement he broke into a hearty laugh. "To be sure there's Tom," he admitted, subduing his inopportune mirth. "Poor little shaver! he needs you almost as much as I do; but as for my wife, I have never seen her and never expect to unless you take pity on my lonely bachelor condition. Tom is my son in name only, but is bound to me as strongly as red tape and affection can hold in this world. Both his father and his mother died of typhoid-pneumonia four years ago when I was staying up at Cedar Lode, and there was no one but myself to take the little chap. Now, Hester, dear heart, I ask you again will you go back to my Western home with me and be a mother to motherless Tom and a wife to me?"

They were not a young and gushing couple, these lovers of mine, and though there were low earnest words, explanatory and otherwise, they did not

chatter protestations of undying affection such as are usually to be found in the latter pages of romantic fiction when the sentimental climax is reached. In this everyday life of ours when we are touched most deeply by great joy or great sorrow we cannot talk; we can only dumbly *feel*; and soul can talk to soul in silence often far better than by means of vocal speech.

And so after a little time the murmur of their voices ceased, and they sat wrapped in a great space of velvety darkness. Around them the fairy lamps gleamed like fireflies among the scanty foliage. The incandescent lights glittered far up on the dome of the Administration Building, outlining its paneled sides and making it look like some huge jeweled crown. From building to building sparkled the wonderful electric flame, and over all hung the limitless dome of heaven, spangled with its own starry illumination. The sweet, deep silence around was only broken by the soft splash of oars as now and then a gondola glided by in the darkness; and then at last across the quiet waters, faint and sweet as fairy music, floated the notes from the chime of bells in the building opposite. To the man and woman they chimed a promise of harmony for the future, and a peace secure and sweet enfolded them like a loving benediction.

MABEL LOUISE CLARKE.



ALMIRA MILLS' STORY.

A BIJAH MILLS was seventy-five. It was some years since he had cringed and shrunk at hearing himself called "Old Uncle 'Bijah!" —he was quite used to it now. But he could not get used to having his daughter Almira—"Miry" he called her—speak out to him, and look after his management of affairs as if he were less capable than he used to be.

Folks said that he "just fairly worshipped Almira." They also said that Almira "bossed" old Uncle 'Bijah around about as she pleased. Everyone knew this except Almira Mills herself. Old Uncle 'Bijah knew it, though he never would have acknowledged it, even to himself—much less to anyone else.

If there was a man who knew his own business it was himself—so thought Uncle 'Bijah. If ever a man minded his own affairs and nobody else's, it certainly *was* Uncle 'Bijah; and "if ever there was a man who could and did do jest as he'd a min' ter, it's me"—so said "Uncle 'Bijah."

He never asserted this more boldly and emphatically than just after he had done something that he did not want to do, or had refrained from something which he did want to do, just to please Almira.

No one ever ventured to hint to Almira what everyone thought. Nothing would have astonished her more, or roused her indignation quicker.

Queer, isn't it, that our habits are known by everyone before ourselves?

It was a mild afternoon in October. Uncle 'Bijah was hitching his horse into the old wagon before the open barn door.

"Where are you going, father?" It was Almira's clear voice called from the shed.

"Down to the store."

"What for?"

"Wal—I want a few nails 'n' two three other little trinkets; 'n' I thought

I'd take these 'ere oats over t' Jonas's as I go 'long. He's bought a couple o' bushel."

"I don't think you better go, father. I've got to go down in the morning, anyway, and I can just as well do your errands. Dolly's been driven enough for one day—over to Bolton and back; besides, it won't do you any good, either."

"I guess Dolly 'n' I c'n stan' that. 'F we can't we better sell out," and Uncle 'Bijah buckled another strap and laughed a little.

"There's no need of your going, and I don't see the sense of driving Dolly, or yourself either, more than is necessary."

Almira stepped from the door and walked quickly across the yard to where her father stood.

She was a tall, good-looking woman—people called her—of thirty-five. She had a good figure and walked well.

She fixed her dark eyes full upon the old man's face.

"What did Jim Haskins want?" she asked.

Uncle 'Bijah bent down to buckle another strap, feigning not to hear.

"Father!"

"What?" Uncle 'Bijah, straightening, looked across Dolly's back.

"What did Jim Haskins want this afternoon?"

Uncle 'Bijah hesitated.

"H'm?" pursued Almira.

"He was speakin' 'bout the 'Uncle 'Siah' field," and Uncle 'Bijah coughed.

"What about it?" Almira came nearer.

"Didn't know but he'd like t' buy it," said Uncle 'Bijah, going on with his harnessing.

"You didn't encourage him, of course?"

No answer.

"You haven't got this buckled right," said Almira, seizing hold of the reins and rectifying his mistake.

"You're dreadfully careless lately. I expect you'll break your neck yet—half harnessing."

"It's enough to make a man careless t' have a woman meddlin' 'bout everything," said the old man somewhat testily.

"I guess you'd be in a pretty fix often enough if nobody meddled," returned Almira resentfully. "I never saw how fractious you are, father! But you are not going to sell that field, are you?"

No answer.

"That isn't what you're so set about going to the store for, is it—to call at Jim Haskins' on the way?"

"Spos'n 'tis? Anybody'd think I didn't know enough to turn round alone. I aint lost *all* my wits yet—quite."

Almira gave a quick backward jerk of the head, and curled the corners of her mouth tightly.

"There's no sense or reason in your going off down there this afternoon. You are just going to be contrary," she said, biting the words crisply. "I don't want you to sell that field—whatever you do."

Uncle 'Bijah remained silent. He was naturally a nervous man and over-work made him more so. It irritated him to feel himself physically obliged to give up from time to time doing things he had been accustomed to doing. It irritated him no less, and deeply wounded him besides, to see that Almira doubted his mental capabilities for transacting business.

He was unusually tired to-day. He never complained; but things had not gone well, and Miry's words hurt him sore. It was a pity she could not have understood, and have been a little more tactful. Ordinarily he would have yielded about a matter like going to the store, but to-day he finished harnessing the horse, climbed into the high old vehicle with slow and silent dignity, and rode away.

Down the lane he met and passed with a mere nod his niece, Sarah Parsons.

Sarah lived half a mile away, and was coming up to the house.

Almira stood with a flushed face, a frown between her brows, when Sarah came up.

"How d' do, Miry?" said Sarah, a fresh smile upon her lips, and breathing the pure autumnal air vigorously. Almira barely answered.

Sarah was a pleasant, amiable little body. The cousins were fond of each other, and quite neighborly. To be sure, "Miry" thought that Sarah was altogether "too easy," and sometimes told her so; and Sarah felt inside that "Miry" was at times a little hard on Uncle 'Bijah; but she never felt the call or the courage to tell her so.

"What's the matter, Miry?" asked Sarah, noting the flush and the frown.

"Father's so unreasonable!" exclaimed Almira, turning and walking toward the house. "He tries me so I don't know what to do. He'll always do just as he's a mind to, spite of everything; and he doesn't like it if I say one word."

Sarah looked at Almira, the smile lingering upon her lips. She did not like to say what she thought, so she kept silent.

"He's talking about selling the 'Uncle 'Siah' field," continued Almira—"to *Jim Haskins*, too! I don't want those Haskinses up here anyway. He wouldn't give half it's worth—the old miser! Father would let him cheat him out of his eye-teeth—quick as any way."

"How is Uncle 'Bijah?" asked Sarah. "I thought he didn't look very well just now."

"He's provoked at me, that's all. He'll let anyone else impose upon him the worst kind, as meek as Moses; but let me say one word for his own good, and he flares up in a minute."

"Perhaps it is because he thinks so much of you that he minds what you say more," suggested Sarah, gently. "He doesn't have any of those spells now, does he? I know you were real worried about him last spring."

"Oh, no; he's as well as ever, now. The spells came from his stomach, the doctor said. A man of his years ought to be kind of careful, of course; but he won't. He ought not to go down to

the store now—but go he would, spite of fate."

"I think old people hate to see they can't do; mother's the same way. She's always been so well and smart, I think it makes her feel real bad to think she can't do just as she used to, and I humor her all I can. I never let her know that I think she fails," Sarah replied.

They were going up the steps together.

"You and I are different persons," said Almira. "I don't see any sense in letting a person think black is white just because he's old," and she shut the door with a bang.

When Uncle 'Bijah drove into the yard on his return Almira was getting supper. The odor of biscuits and gingerbread permeated the kitchen and floated through the open window, greeting his nostrils pleasantly.

He "put Dolly up," and entered the house. Almira did not look round as he came into the room. He stood looking at her back irresolutely. Then he came forward and placed a neatly tied bundle upon the table before her.

"What's this?" she asked.

Uncle 'Bijah smiled. "You jest open it," he said.

Almira untied the string and looked inside.

"Thibet!—blue thibet! What's this for?"

"You!" said Uncle 'Bijah, smiling still more. "You work hard an' faithful. I thought you'd like it, an' I'm sure you deserve it. How does it look to ye?"

"Why—it's a nice, lovely piece of goods," she said, taking it to the window, and rubbing her hand over it. She held up one corner to the light.

"Yes, it's a splendid piece of goods," she said; "but —"

"But what?" and Uncle 'Bijah began to look anxious, and the smile began to die out of his face.

"I do need the dress," she said, looking round at him, "but I wish it hadn't been blue—I never wear blue."

"I thought 'twas han'some. Yer mother useter wear blue, an' I allers liked her in it."

"My complexion's no more like mother's than black's like white. I remember how she looked," said Almira.

"What odds does complexion make?" asked her father. "I see the minister's wife get one off n the same piece tother day. I thought, t' be sure, you'd like it. I said to myself then: 'Miry sh'll have one, too,' says I; it's the main thing I went for; but 'f you don't like you c'n swap it. There's other colors there—same stuff, I guess."

"Well, perhaps I can," said Almira. "I'm much obliged to you for the present, I'm sure."

Uncle 'Bijah smiled again, and Almira tied the bundle up and carried it into the parlor.

"Come, supper's all ready," she said, as she returned, and they sat down to it.

"This looks real good an' temptin'," said Uncle 'Bijah, a look of content spreading over his face. "You're equal to your mother for cookin', Miry."

Almira smiled and poured the tea. She really loved her father, and so far as his physical wants were concerned she ministered to them faithfully. She thought she was very kind to him.

The next morning Uncle 'Bijah walked about uneasily. He had several times walked into and out of the house. He drummed on the window. He hummed "The Ode to Science." He opened and shut the doors to his writing desk.

"F I sh'd sell the field," he said at length, and then halted, and he came and stood before Almira. She did not speak. She was sewing, and Uncle 'Bijah noted that she brought her thread through with more of a snap as he mentioned the field. He waited.

"F I sell the field," he began again, "I dunno but I c'n put in the furnace this winter. You want a furnace bad, ye know, an' I've been a thinkin' 'twould be real nice 'n' comf'table cold, stormy days next winter."

"I don't want the field sold whatever I do want," said Almira. "Why are you so bound to sell that field? If you must sell anything, why don't you sell something that I don't care about?"

"I've got ter sell what folks want, 'f I sell anything. Jim wants that field, 'n' I made 'im an offer afore I really thought of you. I didn't think you'd care."

"You made him an offer?" said Almira, stopping short in her work.

"Yes." Uncle 'Bijah's voice was a little faint. It was evident he had made a mistake.

"What?"

"Wal—I told him I s'posed I sh'd take two hundred dollars for the field."

"Two hundred dollars! Father Mills, are you crazy? Why didn't you say two hundred cents and done with it?"

Uncle 'Bijah was silent. He went and sat down.

"I don't see what you are thinking of! You'd let a man cheat your eyes right out of your head." Almira was excited. "I might as well begin to pack up for the poorhouse at once, if you are going on selling our home right out from under us this way!"

"Mi-ry!" said her father.

"What's your idea, anyway?" she asked.

"Wal, I'll tell ye," and Uncle 'Bijah halted again and then went on timidly: "I can't work as I could once. I can't carry on all this land as it oughter be. That field I don't need—Jim wants it. He bantered me for it, or I shouldn't 'a' thought of it."

"Jim Haskins is not going to have that field," said Almira, hotly. "I don't want that Haskins tribe near me. I won't have them, either. I rather you'd sell anything we own than that field."

"But what can I do if I've made an offer an' he takes me up? I ain't never been the man to back out yet when I'd said a thing."

"Well, now's your time to begin," said Almira. "There always has to be a first time."

"What?" said Uncle 'Bijah, staring at her.

"If you don't go and tell Jim Haskins, before it goes any farther, that he can't have the field, I will," said Almira, her cheeks flashing red.

"I sh'd feel smart, shouldn't I?" and the old man jumped out of the chair

and walked the floor with quick, short steps.

"Well, if you don't want to I'll go this very morning," said Almira.

"I sh'd feel confounded 'shamed to have a woman go 'n' back me out of an agreement 's if I 's a fool or a lunatic," said Uncle 'Bijah, excitedly.

"Jim Haskins must think that's what you are; I'll warrant he is chuckling in his sleeve over the bargain."

"Real estate's all down now; nobody'd give over that," said her father. "I don't see how I'm goin' ter take care o' the field another year, any way. It's runnin' behindhand now."

"You can have your choice—go or have me go—right off, too," replied Almira.

"Do you mean it, Miry?"

"I do mean it. I'll change my dress now and be ready to start," and she arose and left the room.

Ten minutes later she reappeared dressed to go out.

"You ain't *really* goin'?" said her father, hardly crediting his senses.

"Unless you prefer to," replied Almira, coolly.

"Wal, I'll be *jiggered!*" Uncle 'Bijah's tone expressed the utmost disgust.

"'F I'm to be treated like a fool I may as well act like one. You set down! 'F it's got ter be done I'll do it myself. He ain't agoin' t' know that you driv me to it. I'll play the fool on my own hook. I thought I'd take this way to get the means ter do the very thing that would please ye most—have a furnace put in. That's the way, never c'n tell when I'm runnin' ag'in' a snag;" and the old man went out of the house quicker than he had stepped for many a day, his voice shaking so that he could hardly speak the last words.

"Oh, yes, I'm a very unreasonable person!" said Almira, in a highly injured tone, as he was closing the door, and she sat down, darkly to brood over her wrongs. That was Almira's way, if she had been particularly hard.

But somehow to-day an unbidden train of thought introduced itself. Having accomplished her end, the means

stood before her disagreeably. The tones of her own voice sounded in her ears. She might have spoken less sharply. She might have pleaded instead of commanding; but she consoled herself by thinking that she did not often speak quite as she had done to-day; and then it was "very exasperating."

She remembered her father's favorite pudding. She would make one for dinner; his favorite vegetables, they should be steaming hot when he came home. She could make amends in several little ways, and he would soon forget it all—the matter once settled. Dinner should be promptly at twelve. She was sometimes a little late, and punctuality always pleased him.

Twelve o'clock came. Dinner was ready, but Uncle Bijah had not yet arrived.

She went to the door and looked down the road. "It is time he was here," she said to herself.

Sarah Parsons was coming up the lane, and Almira went down to meet her. As she came near Almira saw that Sarah was very pale.

"Why, Sarah, are you sick?" she asked, anxiously.

Sarah made no reply, but rushing up fitfully and throwing her arms about Almira she burst into tears.

"What is it, Sarah?—speak!—what has happened?" cried Almira, in alarm.

"Oh, Miry!" groaned Sarah, and she hugged her tight and cried aloud—"Oh, Miry! how can I tell you!"

"It's *father!*—what is it?—where is he?" and Almira shook her fiercely.

"They are bringing him! He was in Jim Haskins' yard. It was one of his spells!" sobbed Sarah, almost incoherently. Almira let go her fierce clutch upon Sarah's arm and darted wildly down the lane; but Sarah sprang

after her, and catching her dress she said: "You can't do anything, Miry—nobody could. They got the doctor; he was nearer than you." Almira sank down upon the grass and groaned aloud.

I cannot tell you what immediately followed—there is a blank here—but that night Almira Mills lay in her chamber alone with burning brain, and her father lay downstairs—dead.

Neighbors were there doing friendly offices. Sarah Parsons begged to be allowed to stay with her, but Almira sent her away.

"Leave me alone, I deserve it!" she said, in a way which Sarah dared not disobey. All night long before her tortured memory trooped her own cruel words—words spoken that day; words of the day before; words long forgotten arose, looked out at her from the dark in letters of fire. Trifles reared themselves, magnified a hundredfold.

She saw that pleased smile with which her father had watched her unroll the blue thibet; saw it fade into disappointment when she wished it had not been blue.

How that look stabbed her! She knew now how tired he had been that day. She understood her father now as she had never done in his life—her patient, hard-working, loving old father! She felt as if she were going mad.

* * * * *

It is twenty years since that night. Little can you dream the pain it has been to me to write these pages. To you it is but a story, but to me—well, I am Almira Mills, and if it cost my heart's blood to tell it to you I should not dare withhold the price if it might perchance but save one human being from the anguish I have known—the anguish of the irretrievable.

MARGARET HAZZARD.

LEAP-YEAR PRIVILEGES.

PROBABLY no woman is seriously thinking of proposing marriage to any man during the present year notwithstanding the time-honored privileges of the epoch. The divisibility of the number 1896 by four does not in the least affect the respective characteristics and nature of the two sexes. The question is not whether it is proper for a woman to propose during leap year, but whether it is proper at any time. As a matter of fact, formal proposals of marriage occur only in novels and breach of promise cases and in mercenary marriages. In all other cases the pair gradually perceive that they are engaged and that they are going to be married, though, to save their lives, neither can remember just precisely when they first found it out. Other people generally know before they do. Sometimes a couple's first realizing sense of their approaching nuptials comes from friends and relatives.

A woman who can recall the fact that her husband did not go down on his knees and say "Isabella, my queen, will you be my wife?" but that they both just took it for granted that they were in love and were to be married as soon as possible, need not suppose her case unique. It is like all the rest. The exceptions are the mercenary marriages. A fortune hunter who is seeking marriage with a damsel he cannot even profess to love must make a formal avowal of his wishes. So, too, must the old gentleman who aspires to marry a young girl who, he must be aware, will accept him only for his money.

But there are not in reality so many mercenary marriages as the pessimists would have us think. People are a little too prone to believe their own marriage is the only love match that was ever made. Widows are too often looked upon as feeling relieved at the death of a husband and as highly grat-

ified to come into uncontrolled possession of his property, while a bereaved husband is secretly suspected of being glad of an opportunity to go courting again. Why people themselves devotedly attached to their own husbands and wives should be so skeptical of the love existing between other married couples can only be explained by considering what a mountain of faults and blemishes we can see in other men's wives and other women's husbands, and the seeming impossibility that such a colossal pile can escape the eye each of each. And the other pair sees your "old man's" hideous defects and your wife's unlovely qualities and holds the same opinion of the impossibility of your love. But the existence of the faults and the co-existence of the family are self-evident proof of the existence of the love. The police courts and the divorce tribunals give us some pretty bad specimens of marital infelicity, but for every such case there are thousands in stately mansions and humble tenements that live daily with their eyes "latched with the love juice," Titania-like, while the mischievous Puck shouts gleefully, "My mistress with a monster is in love!"

If ever any malign power should "the giftie gie us" to see our own husbands' and wives' faults as others see them there would be divorces and murders in every family. Fortunately every man is too detestable to be loved by any woman but his own wife, and no woman is lovable enough to be loved by any man but her own husband—except in novels.

But to return to the consideration of woman's so-called leap-year prerogatives. Every four years the question is agitated, with more or less seriousness, Is it ever proper or expedient for a woman to propose marriage?

There are men who never seem able to come to the point. That may be because their pecuniary condition is

such that they fear to bind themselves down to heavy responsibilities. Others are unwilling to commit themselves irrevocably, thinking they may yet see another that will come nearer their ideal; but by far the greatest cause of protracted courtships arises simply from an over-fondness for the society of the opposite sex, unaccompanied by any intention whatever to marry. In all three of these cases a woman will consult her own best happiness by cutting the affair off with the greatest possible despatch. A man has no right to pay his addresses to a woman until he has the means to marry and a clear conception of his own mind. It does not in the least improve a young lady's future prospects to "keep company" for months and years with a young man who never marries. More old maids are manufactured by this process than by any other. Drives, theatres, restaurant suppers, ice-cream treats and bon-bons are a poor compensation for a lifetime of loneliness and lovelessness, to say nothing of having your own bills to pay. But don't propose to the fellow, leap year or no leap year. If he does not propose to you he is not worth having.

Then there is the callow youth without brains enough in his head to know what love is, and who visits first one young lady and then another for the sole purpose of boasting of it to his young men friends to arouse their envy and admiration and to pose as a full-fledged young gentleman with a love affair—or several. Men with serious matrimonial intentions seldom think of beginning where numerous others have left off. This sort of youth is certainly not worth the heroic treatment of leap-year privileges. He should be eliminated without delay.

But the bashful man—surely leap-year privileges may be profitably exercised upon him. Do not deceive yourself as to his diffidence. With love in his heart the most timid man becomes leonine. If he seems bashful he is not in love. If he seems to hesitate to take the irrevocable steps, doubtless you mistake his feelings. His visits may be mere visits of habit or conven-

ience. Perhaps he has nowhere else to go. Perhaps it saves his gas and coal bills to pass his evenings with you. Some men sink into ruts, and, having once begun going to certain places, jog along months and years in the same old way with no definite intentions—except a vague thought, flitting across their mental vision once in a while, that they would not fancy to live with you all the time. It would profit nothing to try leap-year schemes on such a man. He is comfortable as he is. Better notify him that after a certain date you shall expect him to pay his share of the coal and gas bills.

Perhaps, however, none of these conditions quite fit your case. Perhaps you have casually met a man with whom you have fallen in love without any cause or provocation on his part. You want to give him an opportunity to make your acquaintance in the hope that he may be able to requite your affections. Being a new woman, you argue that it is as much your right to seek the man as the man's to seek you—especially during leap year. But should you write to him expressing admiration and requesting an opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance with a view to matrimony, explaining, of course, that you are a new woman and this a leap-year privilege, it will be necessary to add that you have the means to maintain a husband or that you hold a position which provides revenue sufficient for you both.

It will never do for a woman to propose marriage to a man unless she means to support him, and in the style to which he has been accustomed. To propose marriage to a man and look for him to support you is like inviting yourself to visit people and stay forever, or inviting a friend to provide you with an income and leave you a legacy. So long as the man provides for the family it is his privilege to choose the wife, or, at any rate, he must be allowed to think he chooses—to flatter himself that he took the first step. Openly proposing to a man on whom you have set your heart will never do. The very minute that human thing called man

discovers that a woman of whom he has not yet thought matrimonially is in love with him he is disgusted.

There are better methods. A skillful female angler can fish up a husband more easily than a green-goods man can rope in a rural "come-on," and before he knows it he will be marrying her without the slightest idea that he did not take the initiative and do all the courting himself, and, indeed, had a hard job of it to win her at all, so adverse was she to marrying anybody.

Just a few recipes to help along, and far better than any leap-year privileges. Don't argue with an admirer. Always agree enthusiastically with all his opinions, else he will go and see some other girl with a greater depth of mind; for if you think you can convince him of your intellectuality and originality of thought by expressing diverse opinions you do not know the animal, man. He will only think you are "contrary," which is probably the case, or else too shallow and stupid to understand and agree with him, which may also be the case.

If you oppose him for coquetry, better try a different line of witchery, as it never once captivates any man to be opposed in his opinions by a girl. Sometimes a girl is so perverse that if a young man only remarks that it is horribly cold and that he hates cold weather, she will retort: "O, my, I love cold weather! It can't be too cold for me!" So the poor fellow, who had been intending as soon as he married to pitch his tent under the equator, will be afraid to pursue his courtship any further lest she will be always nagging him to take up a government section at the North Pole.

Another suggestion: Never talk upon unconvurable subjects with your young man, and consider unconvurable all breach of promise cases, divorce suits and any criminal affair where there is a woman in the case. Leave all that till after you are married. Should he introduce the subject it devolves upon you to change it forthwith. Do not flatter yourself because he brought it up and seemed eager to pur-

sue it that he will not feel a certain loss of respect for you if you engage in it. Many a young lady's cheek would burn with shame if she could hear the comments of young men to one another concerning the ease and freedom with which she had talked with them on subjects mentionable only between married people or the elderly. But do not frown down the subject in express terms. Change it quietly. Talk of the angels in heaven or of something else pure and high. Otherwise do not expect any engagement ring from that young man. Never mind if he did begin it. He will never think seriously of you again if you encourage him. He will look about for a young lady who does not seem so old and experienced—for one that fulfills his ideal of a lovely young maiden.

Another fatal mistake a girl makes is to disparage some other girl that she knows her young man admires—one, in fact, that he thought very seriously of at one time, and even dreams about still. Instead of running her down and showing up her faults, tell him what a dear, lovely girl she is, praise her beauty, assign her more good qualities than she really possesses, call his attention to points of beauty about her that you know he never observed. If you have a good complexion yourself, praise hers; if you have a sweet voice for song, praise the other girl's voice. He will then be sure to notice and admire your voice and your complexion, and think you an angel to admire your rival's. Relate all the anecdotes you can of the other girl, to illustrate the charms of her disposition. He will unconsciously feel that you possess the same virtues yourself. He will come to see you often on purpose to hear you talk about that other girl, and finally end by coming to see you for yourself alone. Should he speak admiringly of any other young lady, expatiate upon her virtues, too. Never forget that whatever faults you find in others of your sex he will think are your faults, and whatever virtues you find in them he will think are your virtues.

There is no subject that a young man

so loves to discuss with his girl friends as other girls, but if you discourage him by disparaging remarks and detraction concerning them, or by changing the subject to your own favorite topic of other young men, he will think you disagreeable, unattractive and repulsive. Should he display a disposition to run down other young men help him along to the extent of your conversational powers. You cannot delight him more than by turning all other men into ridicule. He will not desert you

for the other girl who praises other fellows with ecstatic enthusiasm and slurs you and all the rest of the girls he dotes on. No matter where he goes he will never find another girl like you, who people his imagination with such lovely young ladies, and plainly enough detest all other young men, and you will soon find yourself engaged to be married.

These are about all the leap-year privileges you can exercise with any profit.

F. B. CARRERE.

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY.

To live, to love, to die,
This seems our earthly lot,
The end of all at last to die
Forgotten and unknown passed by
In some secluded spot.
To live, perchance, in pain,
To love, perchance, in vain,
To die at last were gain.

To live, to love, to die,
A human lot at best
Is but one longing bitter cry
For unattained felicity,
And filled with deep unrest.
To live may be but care,
To love may be despair,
To die, a constant prayer.

To live, to love, to die,
The end at last comes soon.
In spite of joy or grief or sigh,
It all is over by and by,
Night follows swift on noon,
Then live with death in view,
In love be strong and true,
And die with naught to rue.

SUE FULLER AYERS.

JEANIE'S SECRET.

SUNSET in the Scottish Highlands ; the year of grace 1745. The bloody battle of Culloden had decided the fate of Charles Edward, the young Pretender, the last of the Stuarts who fought for England's and Scotland's crown.

The Scottish forces were scattered, their leaders in hiding ; the Highland chieftains locked in their mountain fastnesses, while the Lowland lairds were secreted in the wild nooks and wooded dells that surrounded their homes.

Little Jeanie Stewart stood facing the sun, whose last beams rested on the turrets of a manor house. Its portal seemed her goal, for there she wistfully looked, while her lagging footsteps betrayed her fatigue.

And why so weary, Jeanie ? And what weighty matter rests on your young heart ?

That anxious little maid has secrets enough to weigh her down ; for on Jeanie's arts and discretion her father's life and safety depend.

Yes, her idolized father, Malcolm Stewart, Laird of Duchan, is in hiding, a price on his head ; his home is invaded by English soldiery, his family watched ; and it is only to winsome wee Jeanie, with her golden head and bonnie blue eye, that the soldiers unbend. Her innocent Una-like face and childlike prattle have won them all ; they ken not the world of wisdom and ingenuity born of love that fills her small head. In her blue kirtle and scarlet snood, gaily she flits from officer to men, like a bright butterfly, humming her queer little Scottish ditties. Think you the men suspect the gay butterfly when she flutters into the wood, skips over the burn and is lost to view ? In spite of her eight short years Jeanie is more than a match for older heads.

Reader, can you guess her secret ? I will tell you. Her father is hidden in a

small cave not far from his home, and, unsuspected by the soldiers, Jeanie carries him food day by day, to save him from starving. You see the laird was thought to be in the hills beyond, which were infested by Highland chieftains and refugees from the recent battles—hills too wild, rocky and inaccessible for the English to venture pursuit. No one dreamed the Laird of Duchan was secreted so near, for his trusty retainer, Alec of Dryfesdale, had fled to the mountains at the soldiers' approach, thus giving them the false scent that he had joined his laird.

So Captain Woodrow had quartered his troops at Duchan, and settled himself to the disagreeable task of inaction. The orders were no pillage and burning, for Malcolm Stewart had friends at court and this policy secured a degree of respect and confidence for him and his soldiers. The Lady Margaret, Malcolm's wife, could not instill hatred into her children's hearts, so they played about courtyard and terrace petted by all. Donald and David and baby Alice were very lovable, but Jeanie was the favorite, and it was to her winsomeness that her mother owed the inspiration that saved her husband's life. The few retainers that were left, though true as steel, could not go to the cave without arousing suspicion. Daily she trembled lest they should be found out. Clumsy Jock might do his best, but the case called for more skill than his thick-witted brain could manage, while nurse Elspeth dared not leave the house for fear of being suspected.

Alas ! all but a handful of clansmen and retainers were slain or scattered. A few decrepit men, the women and the children, with half-witted Jock, made up the lady's following. Should her dear husband starve like a dog in a hole ? Musing thus she stood by a window that fronted the soldiers' courtyard. A peal of laughter

smote on her aching heart; glancing down she saw the children at play, the officers and men standing around, and young Arthur Melville, the captain's page, gazing with a wistful look, as much as to say, "Would it be disloyal to have a game with these little rebels?" Soon Jeanie heard nurse Elspeth's voice; stopping her game she stepped into the kitchen and out again with a small basket on her arm, and, flitting away into the woods, was soon lost to view.

"Some broth for puir Dame Eunice's laddie, wha broke his leg," said nurse, as the men looked surprised.

The Lady Margaret turned aside. Like a flash came the thought "Jeanie is wise beyond her years; God willing, she shall save her puir father." So that night the mother, Jeanie and nurse had a long talk. Jeanie's blue eyes opened wide at the task before her, but with childhood's faith she did not shrink. She was wild to think that she, his pet, his wee winsome Jeanie, could save father. After many a bit of advice from Elspeth and mother's fond prayer she lay on her pillow that night, her heart big with joy and pride, while the two older heads planned all the little details of their dangerous experiment.

The next morning Jeanie was up betimes; mother busily sewing, making large flat pockets for the inside of Jeanie's skirt, while Elspeth kneaded the oaten flour into round, flat cakes, mixed some scones, and filled a small skin with warm, new milk. To freight these pockets with provisions, fasten them around Jeanie's waist and send her day by day to the cave was their plan. It had succeeded well. A month had now passed and daily, unless it rained, Jeanie, thus equipped, wandered off as if at play, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, coming at last to the cave, which she could enter without suspicion, so overgrown with vines and tendrils was its outlet. Often she would go inside, steal a kiss and a few loving words from her father; again, stopping nearby, she would gather the new spring beauties that bloomed around, lay a cake here and there in the soft,

clean grass, then speed away home to the anxious mother and nurse.

And yet each night Lady Margaret lay down with a heavier heart. Could this ruse be always successful? Every time Jeanie started off she feared some suspicion would be aroused, that some inquisitive soldier might be on the watch. Kept in enforced idleness, would they not find some mischief at hand? and once on the clue of the laird's whereabouts all would be lost.

News came from time to time of the Pretender's downfall; then that he had passed to France. But she knew not that Captain Woodrow's advices hinted that clemency was the policy at court, and that the Elector, after making an example of some less fortunate ring-leaders, might soon recall the troops from the scattered outposts, and concentrate a force at Edinburgh. Malcolm's friends, indeed, had almost won his case, and the Elector was hesitating between a pardon and a compromise that would merely cause the withdrawal of Captain Woodrow's troops.

So Lady Margaret prayed, the soldiers waited, and Jeanie shed her young joyousness over friend and foe alike.

On the particular evening with which our story opened she was more than usually tired. She had been detained at first by a word from the captain; then young Melville wanted her to show him a particular berry that grew on the outskirts of the wood. He was inquisitive about how much farther she was going, and would follow her to Dame Eunice's cottage (her sure refuge in such trials), where she only got rid of him by telling the dame she would sit with her boy an hour while she gathered fagots. When Jeanie at last ventured forth, she took many a round-about path to the cave, fearful lest Arthur might linger in the woods. A hurried whisper to her father and she was in sight of home as soon as her tired feet could bring her.

She told her worries to her mother that night, and while Margaret encouraged and blessed her child she felt in her heart the burden could not be carried much longer by such young shoulders. Childhood soon rebounds, how-

ever, and with the morning light, rested and refreshed, Jeanie felt equal to Arthur's queries and meddlesome ways.

She left earlier that afternoon, while Arthur was serving the captain at dinner. Skirting some neglected fields, she started from the other side of the wood, passed the dame's cottage, re-crossed the burn, and was just hastening toward the little stretch of woods to the cave when Arthur's voice startled her into a dead stop.

"Soho! my pretty lady, you thought to give me the slip! I'll find out what takes you off to the woods so slyly each day, and why your playfellow can't share some of the fun."

Arthur spoke half in jest, half in earnest; he thought only of some childish whim, and yet he was piqued that his little friend did not confide in him.

Jeanie's knees trembled as she bent down among the leaves to hide her white face.

"Oh, my dear Lord, help me; gie me a word to say!" was her childish prayer.

The good God did help her.

"Gie me your word o' promise, Arthur, not to tell aye o' the lads; I'll tell you truly if you will."

As Arthur gave her the required promise, she took him by the hand and led him to a secluded dell just on the other side of the burn. There, parting the bushes, she showed him a warm, downy nest, and in it four hungry birdlings gaping for food.

"Ah, Arthur, my wee birdies! Dinna ye ken how I luve the sweeties? Dinna tak them awa and dinna tell the laddies. I feed them every day and the puir mither kens me weel."

Arthur laughed. "Is this your great secret, my lady Jean? I will leave you the ugly, crying weaklings; it's well I did not catch you with the eggs—them

I might have taken for the sake of the old days at home, before I saw blood and battle."

Softened by these recollections he took the little girl by the hand, and seeing how weary she was soon had her on his shoulder, and so the pair reached home.

In the courtyard all was bustle and confusion, soldiers passing to and fro, polishing arms and packing knapsacks. Setting his burden down, Arthur strode in haste into his captain's room, and that was the last he saw of his little friend.

Sobbing Jeanie threw herself into her mother's arms, and soothed by her low voice she told the afternoon's fright and adventures. Imagine her joy to hear that the soldiers were ordered away.

"And then will dear father come hame?" whispered she.

"I hope so, my bairn; we must pray and trust that the good God who helped you to-day is still caring for us."

At dawn on the morrow the men were astir and soon galloping away. As Captain Woodrow left, he handed Elspeth a sealed package for her mistress. Lady Margaret, opening it eagerly, read the welcome news of her husband's pardon.

Soon he was back to wife and home; and we can imagine the happiest moment in little Jeanie's life was when the laird, drawing her to him, said:

"And my bonnie girlie has saved her father's life! But for her the pardon would have come too late. Could one of the Chevalier's heroes have done more than this?"

In after peaceful times and down to the last generation, Jeanie's flat pockets and queer little outfit were shown as precious heirlooms of the perilous days of '45. E. WATTERS COURTEMAY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CHILDREN.

Is it right to whip children? Yes—other people's children, but not our own little darlings. Other people's children can be very much improved by thrashing them when they are bad, but our own cute little mischief makers only require a few sugar plums to keep them in the path of virtue. Perhaps we are rearing up self-indulgent men, with uncontrollable propensities, for the penitentiary or gallows, but we feel within our loving and indulgent hearts that corporal punishment is cruel and brutal for our own little pets.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, in a paper which appeared in a recent publication, gave his vote for thrashing, and declares that he was flogged when a boy, and right hard, too. Probably this is why he is so good now. But looking at the question seriously, it seems certain that children can come to a great deal of grief by being allowed to carry out their own sweet will and pleasure, and without corporal punishment it is sometimes impossible to prevent a strong-willed child from doing himself irreparable injury. A child whose own will is his only guide is no better off than a child without parents; and an orphan is admittedly unfortunate in being without proper control and guidance in his days of ignorance and immaturity.

Left to their own device children may destroy their health, ruin their eyesight, make cripples of themselves, or by indulging in their natural inclinations start life handicapped with a bad reputation. Nearly all the crippled children we see in the slums and the majority of the young people in the streets and public schools wearing glasses are either actual or practical orphans, their disabilities due to their own ignorance or lack of parental discipline. Many children also grow up

in illiteracy because abandoned to their own will as to study. But while a dull child should not be whipped for failing to grasp abstruse problems, the idle and indolent, if not amenable to reason, should be coerced by the rod. A young man who finds that a knowledge of the German language, to which he was too lazy to apply himself at school, would advance his prospects when he begins to earn his livelihood may well blame his parents who did not thrash it into him in his boyhood.

As to the mischievous child, the best way to determine his deserts and estimate the true proportions of the evil he has perpetrated is to consider how you would regard his pranks if done by your neighbor's hateful bad boy, and ask yourself whether the said neighbor's boy deserves a whipping. To look only at the humorous side of juvenile deviltry is ruinous to the child. When a boy persistently cuts up such capers as putting oil into the ink and mucilage, or cayenne pepper into the preserves, he should be trounced into a serious view of life, or the next thing you may know he will be piling logs on the railroad track for the fun of seeing a smash-up after the manner of some boys in this State a short time since. A little judicious thrashing in good season might have saved those boys a term in the reform school or penitentiary.

But to whip a child for mischief done in ignorance can only do him an injury. If he throws a lighted match into a powder magazine, believing it to be an ash heap, it would be wrong to fall upon him and beat him, though half the town were blown up. A child knows when he is unjustly punished, and when he feels that he is innocent of wrong intent, punishment can only excite within him a feeling of rebellion against parental control and create a loss of respect for parental sagacity.

There are people too indolent or too deeply immersed in other affairs, gen-

erally money making, to exercise the necessary restraint over an evil-disposed child. When such a child develops into what we call a "juvenile criminal" the parent should also be held to criminal responsibility. It was the son of a prosperous lawyer in New York city who recently joined with other boys in wrecking a railroad train by which human life was sacrificed. This educated and respectable father stated that he had not seen the lad for several weeks. He had deliberately permitted his admittedly wayward son to roam at large, preying upon the community and bringing about his own self-destruction. This father evidently did not believe in corporal punishment.

JUVENILE MANNERS IN PUBLIC CONVEYANCES.

What a sight it is to see little children occupying seats in the street and elevated cars and directly in front of them a white-haired lady hanging to a strap! The spectacle is so thoroughly calculated to fill all decent people with indignation that the wonder is the other passengers do not lay hold of such children and yank them out and give them a good shaking. But look into the tranquil, innocent, chubby little face and read there that however fine its dress and however richly attired its grown companions, it is ignorant of any reverence for the aged and knows not what it does.

It is strange that in the interests of public decency the directors of the roads do not issue orders that children shall not occupy seats while grown people stand. It would be incredible that apparently well-to-do and refined people could bring up their children with-

out proper respect for age did we not daily witness this irritating spectacle in all public conveyances. Who or what these well-dressed boors and savages can be it is difficult to determine. They apparently think that because the seats are paid for the claims of decency are thereby canceled. Rather than care for a child while standing they will sit brazenly under the disapproving gaze of other passengers and choose that their children shall grow up clowns rather than suffer a little hardship.

But supposing the old lady bracing herself unsteadily with her umbrella hooked in a strap were the grandmother of the richly dressed little cherub on the seat in front of her, what would the parents do then? Or, suppose it were one of the mother's friends? The child would be hastily required to relinquish its seat. But why should more reverence be shown the years of the child's own grandmother than those of some other old lady? Ah! people are ashamed to do mean and selfish and disgraceful acts in the presence of those who know them, however indifferent they may be to the opinions of strangers whom they never expect to see again.

When we see the ragged, neglected children of the tenements occupying seats while their elders stand we pity them because they have had no "bringing up;" but there are thousands of well-to-do people who are rearing their children with even less of right feeling, correct sentiments, and refinement, and with less encouragement of noble impulses and high principle than the wretched offspring of the slums possess. These at least hear words of rebuke at the mission schools.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

NOW that the holidays have come and gone, fashion again resumes precedence, and milady turns from her dainty fancy work to contemplate the havoc which Christmas shopping has wrought in her wardrobe. Here a sleeve needs remodeling or a waist cries out for new trimmings; there a collar presents a hopelessly bedraggled appearance or the skirt shows the effect of hard wear. Perchance the front breadth has been soiled in some manner, or, what is still worse, the skirt has shrunk appreciably, owing to the long rains.

This is invariably the condition of affairs during the month of January, when it is too late in the season for the practical woman to order new garments, and far too early to give a thought to spring fashions. The modes in vogue at present seem especially designed to meet these emergencies, the innovations being wholly in the direction of accessories rather than in the outlines of style. With the assistance of these dainty garnitures, almost any costume not fit for the rag bag can be made presentable, if not absolutely stylish. For skirts which lack the fullness requisite to the mode, or for those which have met with mishaps of any kind, what can be a greater boon than the panel which humbly permits itself to adorn any part of the skirt but the back? As for the waist do not attempt to remodel it. Simply purchase or make a fichu of a size and shape to cover its defects.

The possibilities of these becoming accessories have been so universally recognized that dressmakers complain of fewer orders than for some time past, the elaborate garnitures now sanctioned by fashion concealing so many defects in a waist as to make the purchase of a new one a useless extravagance. Then, again, one can obtain a very handsome fichu that will

embellish a dozen basques for the initial cost of a very mediocre waist, to say nothing of the wearisome journeys to the dressmaker which are entailed.

Many of the handsomest of these accessories can be made at home at a comparatively small cost, thereby enabling the ingenious woman to multiply her stock ad infinitum. One of the simplest and prettiest of these, suitable alike for the four-year-old or her mother, is made of a square of satin or velvet, a point resting on each shoulder, as well as in the centre of the back and front. It has no fullness whatever, but sets perfectly flat, fastening by means of hooks and eyes at the back. An insertion of butter-colored Valenciennes lace, with a narrow lace ruffle at either edge, is used to trim, and, applied over the material, forms the pretty standing collar. This collarette may be elaborated by passementerie, but is quite as effective if trimmed as suggested. For children it is extremely becoming when developed in scarlet ladies' cloth, serving to brighten up a sombre dress wonderfully.

The present demand for open-fronted coats-basques is responsible for most of the handsome under bodices of silk, chiffon or lace now shown in such bewildering variety. Many of the high stock collars, wired to preserve their shape, are seen, worn chiefly with evening gowns. They may be of the same or a contrasting color to the dress, preferably the former, and are finished at the back by an enormous bow. The Marie Antoinette fichu, while demanding a large amount of material for its perfect development, is nevertheless a most economical adjunct to the wardrobe. Fully eight yards of lace are required, but as this is not cut in the making it remains in excellent condition for future use when the fichu is relegated to oblivion. To this end a good quality should be selected, and if

light colors be desired, écrù should be preferred to white, as it soils less readily and admits of cleansing much more satisfactorily. For the body of the fichu a yard and a half of goods about a yard in width is sufficient. Chiffon is the most popular for this purpose, but some less perishable material, as gauze, Brussels net, mull, &c., will appeal most to the practical woman.

designs appliquéd upon them. Sets of this kind—comprising collars and cuffs—are also seen on the counters and are much affected by the fashionables. Rumor has it that the high-necked effects which have been the vogue for so long are to be replaced by the décolleté style, but no reliance can be placed on this report as yet. Judging by fashion's recent caprices, how-



FIG. 1.

Figure 1 shows the fichu as developed in Brussels net.

An extravagant bit of finery is the feather fichu, an article adapted only for dressy wear and which requires the best of care. It is made of tiny ostrich tips, so arranged that they present the effect of a wavy mass of feathers, and is finished with a soft fringe of feathers. As may be readily imagined, these fichus are exceedingly becoming.

The newest collarettes are of black chiffon, embroidered in écrù or with

ever, this would seem to be something more than a mere probability, it being quite consistent with the revivals of the modes of bygone days which have marked the present season. The only wonder is that a style so attractive should have remained out of fashion for so long.

Girdles of lace appliquéd over velvet are novel and extremely dressy. Guipure is the variety most in favor, though Point de Gêne and Point Broderie develop very effectively. Nar-

row belts and girdles of gilt or silver braid, plain or jeweled, are worn with all kinds of costumes, albeit they are singularly unbecoming to most figures and serve no better purpose than to exemplify the bad taste of the multitude. The buckles used to fasten these belts are ablaze with mock gems.

Very few new materials make their appearance at this season of the year, for the obvious reason that the winter is too far spent to make it worth while for the manufacturers to exert themselves. Upon the subject of *crêpons* authorities are strangely divided, some contending that its finer varieties will retain their present popularity for some time to come, while others solemnly assure us that its day is past. In Paris it has long since been a dead letter, which would seem to indicate that Americans have a mind of their own in these matters, for the leading dry-goods stores still continue to give this fabric a conspicuous place on their counters.

Smooth Venetian cloths also have attained a widespread popularity. Cheviot, tweed, tricotine (which resembles a knitted material) and bouclé goods in innumerable variety all continue to find favor. Velveteen, plain and figured, is again to the fore in Chine, Cashmere, Persian and moiré designs and bids fair to become a prime favorite. It is marvelously effective and quite durable, and is withal not so expensive as to place it beyond the reach of the multitude. The introduction of genuine soldier's cloth for ladies' wear is one of the striking novelties of the season. It is used only in military colors and for outside garments. Silk is again in fashion for dressy street wear, but only in dark shades, preferably black.

Green is the favorite color, though it is seldom seen on an entire costume, but is used in combination. Bronze, dark blue and claret form its most attractive contrasts. Some of the French models, however, seem to place it in juxtaposition with almost any shade which happens to present itself. Blue and brown are the colors next in favor.

The mode requires every dress to

present a combination. This may be effected in the sleeves, vest or panel, or all three, but it must announce itself in some form. Even the costumes designed for children bear testimony to this freak of fashion.

Many of the new tailor costumes are supplied with a jacket and double cape to match, which are intended to be worn together or separately, as the will of the wearer may dictate. This scheme may afford variety, but it is scarcely to be commended on hygienic grounds, the change from the combined garments to the cape alone involving a risk which no sane woman would take. The jaunty sailor costume has once more made its appearance on the boulevards of the gay French capital. Except in rich materials, as silk or velveteen, very few plain weaves are used for street wear. A handsome gown of the latter material is shown in Fig. 2. It is of black, the vest and revers being of white satin-faced cloth, forming a striking contrast. The skirt is of regulation style and hangs in graceful folds at the sides and back. The coat-basque is made after the Louis XV. period, while the vest is ornamented with sequins and caught in at the waist with a buckle and a lace bow. Lace is again introduced at the collar and falls gracefully over the revers. The sleeves are of the section variety and are finished at the wrist by a fall of lace.

Fur is distinctly "the" trimming of the season for street toilettes — and even those intended for evening wear exhibit it on corsage and waistband, sleeves and skirt. Chinchilla is most in demand, but Persian lamb, seal, sable and fox are in evidence to a greater or less extent. An elaborate fur-trimmed gown recently seen at one of the importers' was made of green broadcloth. The finest of Persian lamb formed the collar and waistband, besides providing the deep border for the skirt. Generally speaking, however, the fur is not used in bands, but simply as an edging.

But perhaps the most extensive use of fur is as a garniture to skating costumes, where it is, of course, eminently

appropriate as well as effective. These toilettes have attained this year a pitch of elegance never before approached. The waists are lined with flannel, in order to obviate the necessity of a wrap, which prevents the free action of the arms. The brightest of colors are worn, and the skirts are lined with a contrasting color in silk. They have the same cut as the skirts intended for street wear, except that they are made short enough to clear the skates nicely.

For all costumes the leg-o'-mutton sleeve still remains the favorite, but so altered is it by seams and slashes as to be wholly unrecognizable by its oldest friend. Some of the latest gowns, however, show the close coat sleeve with a short full puff at the top. Others again have a cap of velvet extending over the shoulder and down the arm for a short distance. It confines the fullness at the top of the sleeve and below permits it to spread into a puff. A sleeve which has little beauty to recommend it exhibits a puff at the elbow, while still another, almost as ugly in its way, goes by the interesting name of the "football" sleeve. The latter, as its name implies, resembles the football in shape and, except in diaphanous fabrics, is a monstrosity of ugliness. The "half-butterfly" sleeve on the contrary is exceedingly pretty, though, for some unknown reason, not nearly so popular.

The foreign fashion magazines steadfastly contend that there is to be a revival of the long shoulder seam and puffed sleeves which marked the early Victorian era, but whether this will advance beyond the rumor stage only time can tell. I trust not, for, aside from the fact that the long shoulder seam is extremely uncharitable to the figure, the present mode in sleeves cannot well be improved upon. The voluminous sleeve has not been popular for so long a time without reason. It greatly reduces the apparent size of the waist, besides offering exceptional opportunities for trimming. In most of the up-to-date gowns the sleeves are of a different material from the bodice. If the latter present a contrast the sleeves match the skirt.

In skirts a marked change has taken place, those having extreme width being replaced by others constructed upon principles of beauty and utility, as well as common sense. The seven-gored model, measuring not more than five yards around its lower edge, is now fashion's favorite. Skirts are now cut



FIG. 2.

shorter than formerly, being now about two inches from the ground, and fitting the figure closely about the waist and hips, while falling in stately folds around the bottom. Many of the newest models show the gores outlined with narrow jet, but as this adds appreciably to the cost of the costume with-

out increasing its attractiveness, it is fair to presume that the multitude will either wholly ignore this fad or confine themselves to cheap gimp for this purpose rather than more costly trimming.

in white appliqué upon it. The sleeves are of chameleon satin, changing from yellow to violet, and are finished at the shoulder by deep ruffle of yellow chiffon. Jet is used to ornament the



FIG. 3.

Fig. 3. shows a charming model for an evening toilette, and one eminently "up to date." The skirt is of lemon-colored satin brocaded with a graceful leaf design. The bodice is of violet velvet with a conventional design

sleeves and forms a band around the bottom of the skirt.

In evening wraps there are a few novelties. One of these is the "Vallis" cape, which is made of velvet or velours du Nord, is quite short and

fits the figure closely at the back. It is very full on the shoulders, to permit of the wide sleeves underneath, and has revers in front, which are carried back

garment for evening wear which has jumped into instant popularity is a loose coat of plush which possesses very large armholes—so large, indeed,



FIG. 4.

and form a second cape. Generally speaking it is embroidered with jet and trimmed with feather trimming, the collar being exceedingly high. Another

that the effect is something similar to the old-fashioned dolmans which were the fashion when the present generation were children. It is trimmed with

wide bands of embroidery edged with sable, which is also used to decorate the neck and sleeves.

An unusually handsome theatre cape has a wide border of ivory satin extending down the entire front, the same material being used for the collarette. Jet was generously applied on the satin, and the result was an extremely handsome garment, even though a little too conspicuous to please the most fastidious taste. Many of the evening wraps cover the entire costume, but those reaching only to the knee are by far the most popular. Hoods wired so as to retain their shape, and having a full ruche of chiffon on their outer edges, now form a part of these wraps. These hoods are not intended solely for ornament, but are meant to be drawn over the head. And thus a rival to the smart little evening bonnet has entered the field.

Speaking of headgear reminds me of several novelties in this line which have recently left the hands of the great milliners. One of these is a large hat showing the soft Tam crown, the wide brim being formed of a mass of velvet-petalled roses. An "interrogation point" aigrette forms its only trimming. Another monstrosity which has been given no little prominence is the old-fashioned "scoop" bonnet. This is made precisely similar to that which adorned grandmother's fair face; its use, however, has been thus far confined principally to children's wear, for whom it is eminently pretty and appropriate.

Oddity is the distinguishing feature of the season's millinery. A shape is twisted and turned in this way and in that until it presents a series of flutes and curves which it is difficult to imagine as mounted on any head of normal shape, much less being effective and becoming. Yet such it frequently is when finished, and that in no small degree, owing to some magic of the milliner's art. Dainty toques have now superseded the diminutive theatre bonnet which has been the vogue so long. The style most popular is known as the "Raphael" and is made with the

soft crown, the left side being turned up jauntily. A buckle and an aigrette form the trimming. Large hats are curved in the front and have a long ostrich plume on each side; almost covering the crown and brim. Many of the hats intended for young girls are of felt, with the crown draped in silk of a contrasting color, and are trimmed in the back with a huge bow. The "Napoleon" hats, though they are by no means of new style, continue very popular on account of their universal becomingness, which goes to show that the rank and file are not so ready to follow the whims of fashion as many would have us believe.

Fig. 4 shows a group of stylish hats. The first is a "Fanfan" toque, the foundation of which is of black chenille plaited with green ribbons. On either side is a torsade of brilliant pink velvet the ends of which form an aigrette on the left side. The front is ornamented with two black-spangled wings.

The second model is made of embroidered silk, edged with cream lace and trimmed on either side with furtails. In the front of the toque is a wide bow of terra-cotta ribbon, between the loops of which is a white feather aigrette, ornamented at the base by a handsome pearl ornament.

The third has a foundation of orange velvet covered with spangles and pearls. In the centre is a large rosette of velvet, on each side of which is a cluster of black ostrich tips, and at the back stands a feather aigrette.

The fourth figure is an excellent model for general wear, as the materials entering into its construction are not perishable. It is of plain black felt, with a full crown of tan velvet, which is also employed for the bow in the back. Coque feathers are used for trimming.

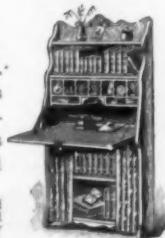
The fifth design is of brown velvet edged with black feather trimming. The crown is draped with the fashionable pompadour ribbon, which also forms the chic bow on the left side. Black-spangled gauze is used for the smaller bow which ornaments the opposite side. CARLOTTA HARRIS.

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

The October number is out of print. Every effort possible will be made to supply this number to subscribers who may have failed to receive it. All letters of inquiry shall have prompt attention and will be carefully filed until the copies wanted can be secured. It was published by the old management. The new publisher will do all he can to favor the subscribers, but must request time necessary to get the copies from other sources. Other back numbers will be supplied when not out of print.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A match-cutting machine is quite an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,000 a day, and then arranges them over a vat, where the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed.

The people of Honolulu still eat raw fish and use their fingers in carrying it to their mouths, but they use more telephones in proportion to population than New York does.

It is said that the largest diamond in the world was found a short time ago in the mines of Bahia de Pernagua, Brazil. The gem is reported to weigh 3,100 carats, which is 2,129 carats heavier than the largest existing diamond.

Tincture of grindelia is said to be an excellent cure for ivy poison. Dilute it with about three parts of water and bathe the affected parts. It should be applied as soon as the irritation is felt and before the characteristic pustules appear.

The latest fashion among lady cyclists is to carry their pet dogs about with them. Cushioned baskets are fixed to the handle bar of the machine, and in this the ribbon-decked pet reclines. It is not stated if the bow-wows appreciate their up-to-date carriage.

"They tell me you have traveled," said she, during a lull in the conversation the other night. "Yes, I've traveled a great deal," he replied; "I wish I was traveling now." "I wish you were," innocently rejoined the young lady, noticing that both hands of the clock were pointing upward.

A dog has for some time past occupied a unique position in a small town in Germany. The landlord of an inn at Brattendorf is also the village postmaster, and he has a dog that regularly trots off to the station to meet the postal train each day and fetch the post bag, which is delivered to him, and he never omits his duty, which he performs in the most prompt manner.

The Second Summer,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

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Looking up suddenly, she beheld the bearded face of a man with a gleaming knife between his teeth. Then she fainted. It was no wonder, for she had been carefully reared and had never seen anyone eat pie in that manner before.

"Do you recollect that old motto we used to see in our copy-books, 'Learn to say no?'" asked Bliven of a friend. "Yes. What of it?" "Nothing; only I was just wondering whether the young woman whom I honored with my adoration hasn't had a heap of practice in it."



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A great admirer of the immortal bard, Shakespeare, is the German Emperor. He has studied the works of his favorite poet to such an extent that he is able to quote at length from them, and in his library he has many valuable editions, both in German and English. Of Shakespeare's plays, he admits to a predilection for that of Hamlet.

A new opening for women is that of a lady auctioneer, as an enterprising young lady has been carrying on that business in the Midland Counties, England, for three or four years past. She buys up a stock of drapery, &c., sells them by auction; also travels about the country, taking a shop in a principal street, and wields a hammer from a platform in the most orthodox masculine manner. The auction rooms presided over by this fair business woman are said to prove a decided draw.

A young queen, who is also passionately attached to children, is the Empress of Russia. During the absence of the Grand Duchess Zenia, whose husband, like the Duke George, is in a delicate state of health, that necessitated a sojourn in a warmer climate than Russia, the baby daughter, who was only born last July, was left in charge of her imperial aunt, and so fond has the young empress grown of the wee mite that she has declared nothing will induce her to give it back to its mother.

LUCK IN SHOES.

Now that so much interest is attached to "feet," an outcome of the Triby craze, some of the superstitions referring to shoes and boots should be read with interest. There is a great deal said about bad luck overtaking those who are unwise enough to disregard the warnings; such as putting a pair of new shoes on a shelf higher than your head, putting on the left shoe before your right, or your left shoe on your right foot by mistake. Scotch girls believe that if they drop their shoes before they are worn, trouble is certain to ensue; if a French girl loses the heel, she will be disappointed in love, while should the same circumstance happen to a German mother the loss of one of her children is prophesied. The idea of throwing an old shoe after a newly married couple is to bring good luck, and to ensure future happiness.

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FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

1897

FEBRUARY.

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Fine Arts
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NUMBER TWO
VOL. XLVI.

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DEPARTMENTS:
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KINDERGARTEN
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MUSICAL. . . .

"He is happiest, be he king or peasant,
Who finds peace in his home."—GOETHE

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

FOR '97

(FORTY-FIFTH YEAR)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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Including Wheeling, Boating, Yachting, Skating, Camping, Golf, Sports generally, in season.

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Dealing with matters of public interest as they arise.



COMMENCING with the March number we shall give biographical sketches with portraits of one or more illustrious Americans, whose birthdays occur in the current month. The utmost care will be exercised to secure authentic and artistic portraits.



We have in preparation and will shortly begin our "Views and Visits to Public Parks." This we will also treat systematically and separately. The series when completed will make an interesting, instructive and artistic whole.



During this year and commencing probably with the March number, it is our purpose to begin a series of Illustrated Articles on Public and Private Art Galleries, treating each Gallery separately.

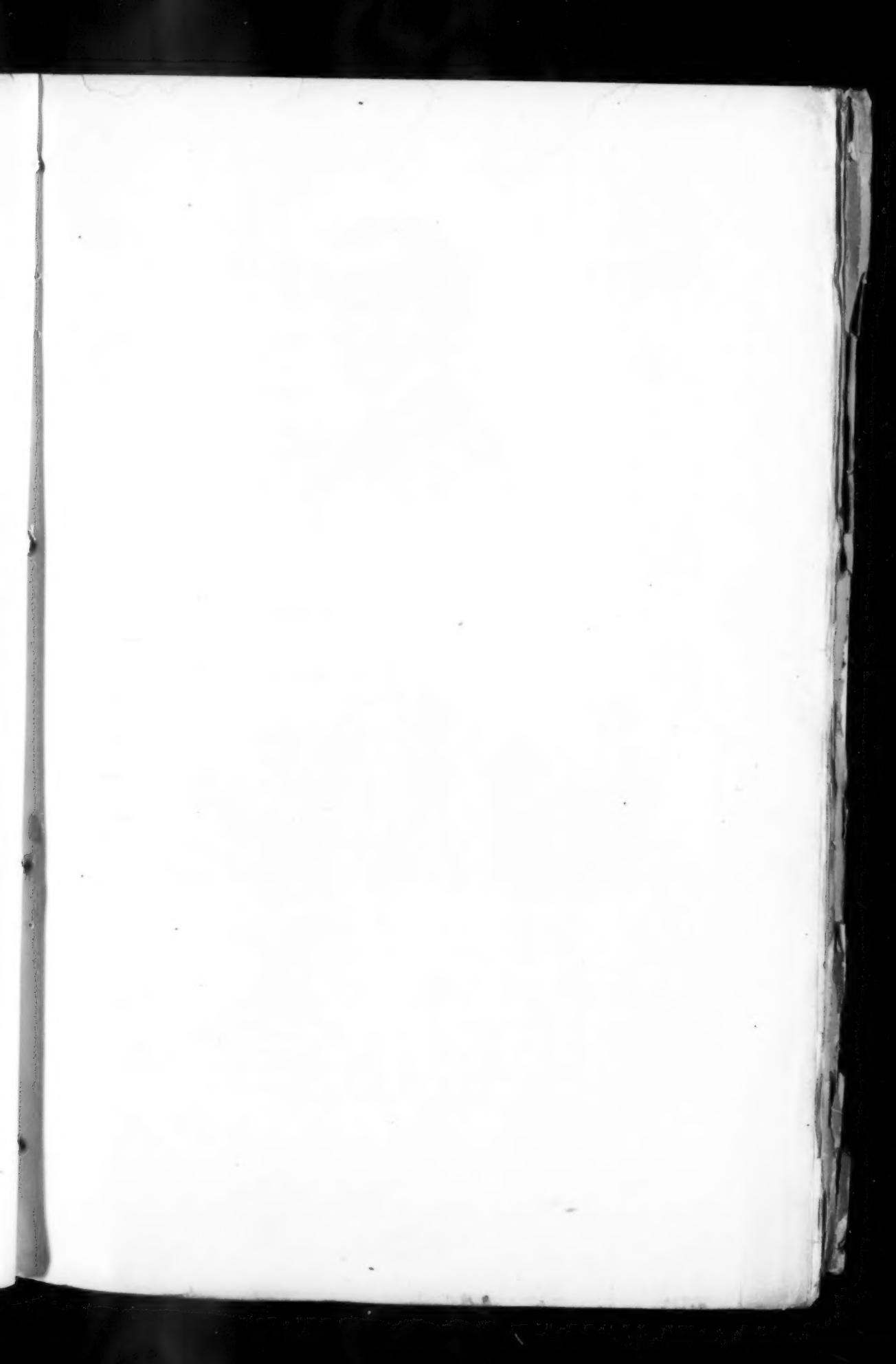
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE
NEW YORK







Abraham Lincoln

BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809.

*THE STAR OF SANGAMON.**

REV. LYMAN W. ALLEN.

* * * *

In lowliest spot he breathed
The first sweet breath of the earth,
And life's great parent bequeathed
Fair virginal nature from birth
To be his tutor and friend,
His faltering steps to attend.

* * *

She bound him that he might feel
The iron of oppression's heel.
She starved him that he might learn
The hunger of souls that yearn.
She bruised him that he might know
Somewhat of the world's great woe.

At length in a deathless hour
She kissed him; a heavenly power
Shot forth through her lips of fire
In touch of divine desire.

She helmed him with faith; she placed
The girdle of truth at his waist;
And over his breast she laid
The buckler of love; the blade
Of right she set in his hand,
And bade him unwavering stand,
As Moses stood with his rod
For freedom and God.

One long, sweet look, and she led
Her hero all panoplied
On unto the golden door
That opens out into history,
And thrust him from her to be,
With pentecostal intent;
A chosen ambassador,
Transfigurer of despair,
The champion of liberty,
The hope of a continent,
God's answer to prayer.

* From prize poem published in *New York Herald*, December 15, 1895.